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HUSTLER Parody. This is not a real ad. It is a parody of the new film *In Time*. The flick posits a future where the rich can live forever. We find the concept a little far-fetched. Therefore, we've posited a future where you can persuade a devout Christian girl to let you put your penis in her ass on the first date. Hey, it's just as likely!

"Shit! Todd's home! Quick, get back behind the wall!"

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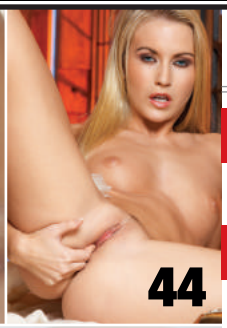
FEBRUARY 2012 VOLUME 38 NUMBER 9 HustlerMagazine.com



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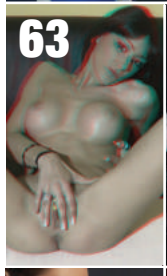

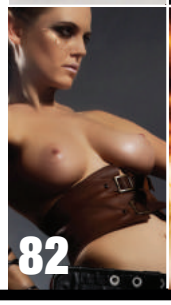

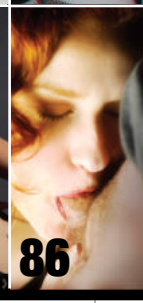

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Cover photo by Matti Klatt

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HOW SMART ARE HUMANS?

Scientists tell us that dolphins and porpoises have a complicated language and can actually learn to use an iPad. An octopus can build its own house, birds sing complicated melodies, and parrots can remember as many as a thousand words. Monkeys can be taught sign language, how to drive a car and smoke cigarettes. I'm told that dogs, which possess the intellectual capacity of a three-year-old child, can understand more than 50 words, although from my experience, none of those words include "Don't shit in the house!"

On the other hand, many humans don't believe in global climate change, evolution or that President Barack Obama was born in America. They do, however, believe in astrology, angels, virgin birth, a God with a long white beard (whom they should thank when winning an Emmy) and the ability to cure homosexuality through prayer.

My question is this: Just how much smarter are we than our animal cousins? From my point of view we humans have very little to be smug about.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

HUSTLER

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We've collected 1000's of beautiful girls who are waiting show you a good time!

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GOLD STANDARD

How do you make your cell phone or PDA more futuristic? By going back to the past. Native Union has taken the classic Bakelite 1950s phone receiver and turned it into the ultimate high-tech accessory. The **Moshi Moshi Gold POP Phone** lets you talk old-school, fool. Just plug it into your iPad, iPhone or other compatible device and start chatting like a pimp. The phone is portable, durable and sure to start a conversation—which is what you want when you're on a phone! The **Moshi Moshi Gold POP Phone** comes complete with a pigtail twisty cord and is also offered in a variety of other colors (including black, red and pink). But why would you want those? This shit is gold, y'all.

Available at ***NativeUnion.com***. Suggested retail price: $59.99.

DIMENSION FILMS

It seems everything Hollywood churns out these days is in glorious 3D. From action films to kids flicks, you can't escape the hot, new technology trend. How would you like your movies—you know, the ones you make at home—in 3D? Whether it's that family trip to the beach or private time with your secretary, there is now a way to capture your personal experiences in eye-popping 3D. DXG, a leader in high-quality and low-priced video cameras, has just introduced the **DXG-5F9V HD 1080p 3D Camcorder**. This stylish unit films in either 2D or 3D, has a built-in HDMI interface and is compatible with most 3D TVs.

Available at ***DXGUSA.com***. Suggested retail price: $399.99.

IN A BATHROOM FAR, FAR AWAY

ThinkGeek has struck again! The online retailer is now offering the ultimate *Star Wars* tub-time accessory. The officially licensed ***Star Wars* Jedi Bathrobe** is made of supersoft terry cloth and is adorned with an embroidered Jedi logo. The robe, which also features a cinch belt and hood, comes in a large, comfortable size that fits just about anyone. Choose the brown Jedi version, or go over to the dark side for the black Sith version. Just remember to cover up your light saber.

Available at ***ThinkGeek.com***. Suggested retail price: $89.99.

SPIN CITY

Owning an iPad (or iPad 2) is cool. But once you've got that high-tech gizmo in your hands, how do you keep it from getting damaged or destroyed? You know how clumsy you are. You'll probably drop it. Luckily the **HandStand Rotating iPad Case** helps you get a grip on your precious tablet. Its unique spinning design allows you to easily go from vertical to horizontal, while the sturdy case keeps your fancy-schmancy iPad safe.

The best part is we are giving away three fully customized HUSTLER **HandStand Rotating iPad Cases**. And *one* lucky reader will also win a brand-new iPad to go with it! No, we're not kidding. See details below.

Available at ***TheHandStand.com***. Suggested retail price: $49.95.

GET A GRIP!

Want to win a customized HUSTLER **HandStand Rotating iPad Case**? We're giving away three of them—and one lucky stiff will also win a brand-new iPad! That is *not* a misprint! For your chance to win, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to: **HUSTLER's iPad Giveaway, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211**; or e-mail info to: **HUSTLER@LFP.com**.

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Signature _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ ZIP Code _____

E-mail Address _____

Subscriber (check one) ☐YES ☐NO

Who do you think is the hottest girl this month?

_____

Other than the models, what's your favorite section? (check one)

Cartoons ☐ Articles ☐ Video ☐ Reviews ☐

Bits & Pieces ☐ Music Section ☐ Celebrity Section ☐

Other _____

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"*You* feel like an asshole, Blagojevich?! When I was out there,
I fucking *voted* for you!"

REMEMBER WHO CREATED THIS MESS!

AMERICA DESPERATELY NEEDS A NEW DEAL FROM THE WHITE HOUSE, BUT DON'T ROLL OUT THE RED CARPET FOR ANOTHER REPUBLICAN.

The "lost decade" is the way Harvard economics professor Lawrence Katz refers to the ten-year downslide of the U.S. economy since the election of Republican George W. Bush in November 2000. The road to ruin was paved by Bush, who impoverished the nation by waging two unnecessary trillion-dollar wars while cutting taxes for the super-rich. Yet, despite the fact that the Republicans created the mess, an all-too-easily-fooled public seems destined to put another one back in the White House.

The worst that can be said about President Barack Obama is that his response to the deep financial crisis he inherited from Bush was to continue the GOP strategy of throwing money at the banks instead of letting them go bankrupt. The banks were saved, but it was their victims—the suckers swindled into phony mortgages—who went bankrupt.

When Obama attempted to help ordinary folks with a relatively small stimulus check and save jobs in the automobile industry, before the last one of them went abroad, the Republicans and their allies among the Wall Street lobbyists branded him a socialist. Instead, we got socialism for the superrich when the Republicans seized control of the House of Representatives and prevented any further help for the foreclosed and unemployed.

The result of Republican power from the time of Bush has allowed 1% percent of the population to control 40% of this country's wealth. In the past decade of greed run wild, the income of that 1% rose 18%, while that of the middle class declined. The total worth of the average American has been cut in half thanks to the banking/housing meltdown; an all-time-record 46.2 million people—including 22% of America's children—are living below the government's official poverty level ($22,350 for a family of four); and good jobs are going, going, gone.

"This is truly a lost decade," Professor Katz told the *New York Times*. "We think of America as a place where every generation is doing better, but we're looking at a period when the median family is in worse shape than it was in the late 1990s."

"We think of America as a place where every generation is doing better, but we're looking at a period when the median family is in worse shape than it was in the late 1990s."

Nor will it get better in the foreseeable future. The Federal Reserve estimates that the housing crisis that is at the root of the meltdown will go unabated for years to come. With 50 million Americans losing their homes, you can't expect consumer confidence—now at record lows—to be restored; and since those consumers account for 70% of economic activity, forget the job situation improving anytime soon.

Yet dumb and dumber American voters look set to restore full power to the Republicans, who favor welfare for the superrich and Big Business. What voters can't seem to grasp is that the days are over when the average Joe could legitimately hook his future to the prosperity of large corporations.

Those companies are called multinational for a reason: The bulk of their profits are sheltered abroad. Take GE, that old American-as-apple-pie company that had Ronald Reagan as a shill before Big Business needed him to run for President in 1980. Now two-thirds of GE's workforce is abroad, along with 82% of the company's profits. In addition, GE has paid *no* U.S. taxes for the past three years.

The multinational corporations are awash in cash, sitting on at least $2 trillion in funds they refuse to invest in creating jobs. Meanwhile, the big banks that were bailed out by the Federal Reserve—which took trillions of dollars of toxic mortgages off their books—refuse to make loans to deserving small businesses and creditable would-be home buyers.

The investments the multinational corporations do make are abroad, where they send the good-paying jobs that once were the basis of America's economic leadership of the world. In September, Citigroup—the bankrupted banking giant bailed out by the American taxpayers—held its board of directors meeting, not in Chicago or Los Angeles, but in Singapore. Apparently, Citigroup chose that location because 30% of its profits are now derived from the Asian market, where the bank expanded using U.S. taxpayer dollars.

As the *Wall Street Journal* reported, "Citi's business in Asia will likely help it as the West slows down." But the West that they are ignoring, in case you didn't happen to notice, is where the U.S. taxpayers who bailed out the bank happen to live and try to find work. Citigroup and other financial institutions were made whole by Republican-inspired bailouts, but fully 25 million Americans who are looking can't find full-time work.

The only Republican candidate who can make any kind of claim to a record of job creation is Texas Governor Rick Perry. But when you realize that Texas leads the nation in the number of workers earning the minimum wage or less, you learn all you need to know about the GOP's view of job creation.

Republican politicians always make it a point to pin a little American flag on their jacket lapel, but they are false patriots conspiring to ship the American Dream abroad.

Before serving almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. Now editor of **TruthDig.com**, Scheer has written such hard-hitting books as *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America* and his latest, *The Great American Stick-Up: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them.*

MICHELE BACHMANN GETS MIGRAINES
I TOOK KARATE WHEN I WAS SEVENTEEN YEARS OLD... I AM DANGEROUS!
WE ARE IN THE LAST DAYS!
GAY IS PART OF SATAN!
PRAY THE GAY AWAY!
I'M HOT FOR JESUS!
THERE'S NOT ONE STUDY THAT SHOWS THAT CARBON DIOXIDE IS A HARMFUL GAS!
PLANNED PARENTHOOD IS THE "LENS CRAFTERS" OF BIG ABORTION!
OBAMA IS A ONE-TERM PRESIDENT!
THEN SHE GIVES THE MIGRAINES TO US!
Trosley

NEW CIA DIRECTOR BUT SAME OLD KILLING MACHINES

GENERAL DAVID PETRAEUS TAKES CHARGE OF THE SECRET AGENCY WHOSE PILOTLESS AIRCRAFT DON'T ALWAYS HIT THEIR INTENDED TARGETS.

I admired General David Petraeus when he commanded coalition forces in Iraq and—contrary to Dick Cheney's post-9/11 "Dark Side" quote—he told his troops: "Some may argue that we would be more effective if we sanctioned torture or other expedient methods to obtain information from the enemy. That would be wrong. Beyond the basic fact that such actions are illegal…they also are frequently neither useful nor necessary."

Now this "soldier-scholar-statesman" has been sworn in as Director of the Central Intelligence Agency. Petraeus is no longer wearing an Army uniform because, as he said during his confirmation hearing, "I wanted this job!"

But, Director Petraeus, have you no objection concerning the legality of taking charge of the CIA's killing machines—those pilotless drones? And do you believe that such terminal methods, which can also obliterate innocent civilians, are in accord with what two U.S. Presidents—George W. Bush and Barack Obama—have described as "our American values"?

I am referring, Director Petraeus, to a *Washington Post* story published five days before you were sworn in: "CIA Shifts Focus to Killing Targets" by Greg Miller and Julie Tate. "Behind a nondescript door at CIA headquarters," it begins, "the Agency has assembled a new counterterrorism unit whose job is to find al-Qaeda targets in Yemen [and] in the Arabian Peninsula, where construction workers have been laying out a secret new runway for CIA drones."

Ah, those remote-control planes directed by CIA personnel continents away from their intended targets! As I have often reported and documented, these doomed targets—along with others in Pakistan and Afghanistan—are not only suspected terrorists but also innocent civilians.

What is your reaction, scholar-statesman Petraeus, to this August 11, 2011, headline in *The Daily Telegraph*: "168 Children Killed in Drone Strikes in Pakistan Since Start of Campaign"? According to the British newspaper, those instantly departed kids were among 775 civilians killed since drones were unleashed by George W. Bush and even more enthusiastically by Barack Obama.

Who cares about "only" 23 civilian victims of America's War on Terror? Well, how about their families, friends, neighbors, countless Afghanis and, increasingly, the press there and some of the nation's leaders.

These particular figures were obtained by the Bureau of Investigative Journalism "from more than 2,000 news reports, leaked documents and witness statements." However, we don't know how many actual killings by our drones keep taking place and where. That's because the U.S. government's official data is entirely classified, as are so many of the CIA's covert achievements way beyond our rule of law.

Director Petraeus, aren't these killer drones using more swiftly "expedient methods" than the torture you found "wrong" when carried out by our forces in Iraq? And consider this all-too-troubling question: While the distant operators say they try hard to make sure that civilians are not within a drone's target area, how sure can they be?

On January 16, 2011, the *New York Times* ran an article titled "In New Military, Data Overload Can Be Deadly." As the newspaper reported, during a February 2010 U.S. helicopter raid that killed 23 Afghan civilians, playing a pivotal role was a Predator drone operator stationed at an Air Force base in Nevada (quite a distance away from Afghanistan). Moreover, according to military investigators, this remote-control killer "had failed to pass along crucial information about the makeup of a gathering crowd of civilians."

Why such a horrible mistake? From a number of similar reports issued by critics of drones, including eyewitnesses in Pakistan, here is how drone attacks can go fatally awry when it comes to wiping out civilians—all without oversight from an American judge. As Air Force and Army officials later conceded, "There was also an underlying cause for that mistake [in Afghanistan]: information overload."

In faraway Nevada, the human U.S. killer-by-proxy and his team "had to monitor the drone's video feeds while participating in dozens of instant-message and radio exchanges with intelligence analysts and troops on the ground [in Afghanistan]."

Now dig this from *New York Times* reporters Thom Shanker and Matt Richtel: "There were solid reports that the group [in the crowd] included children, but [the operator and his team] did not adequately focus on them amid the swirl of data—much like a cubicle worker who loses track of an important e-mail under the mounting pile."

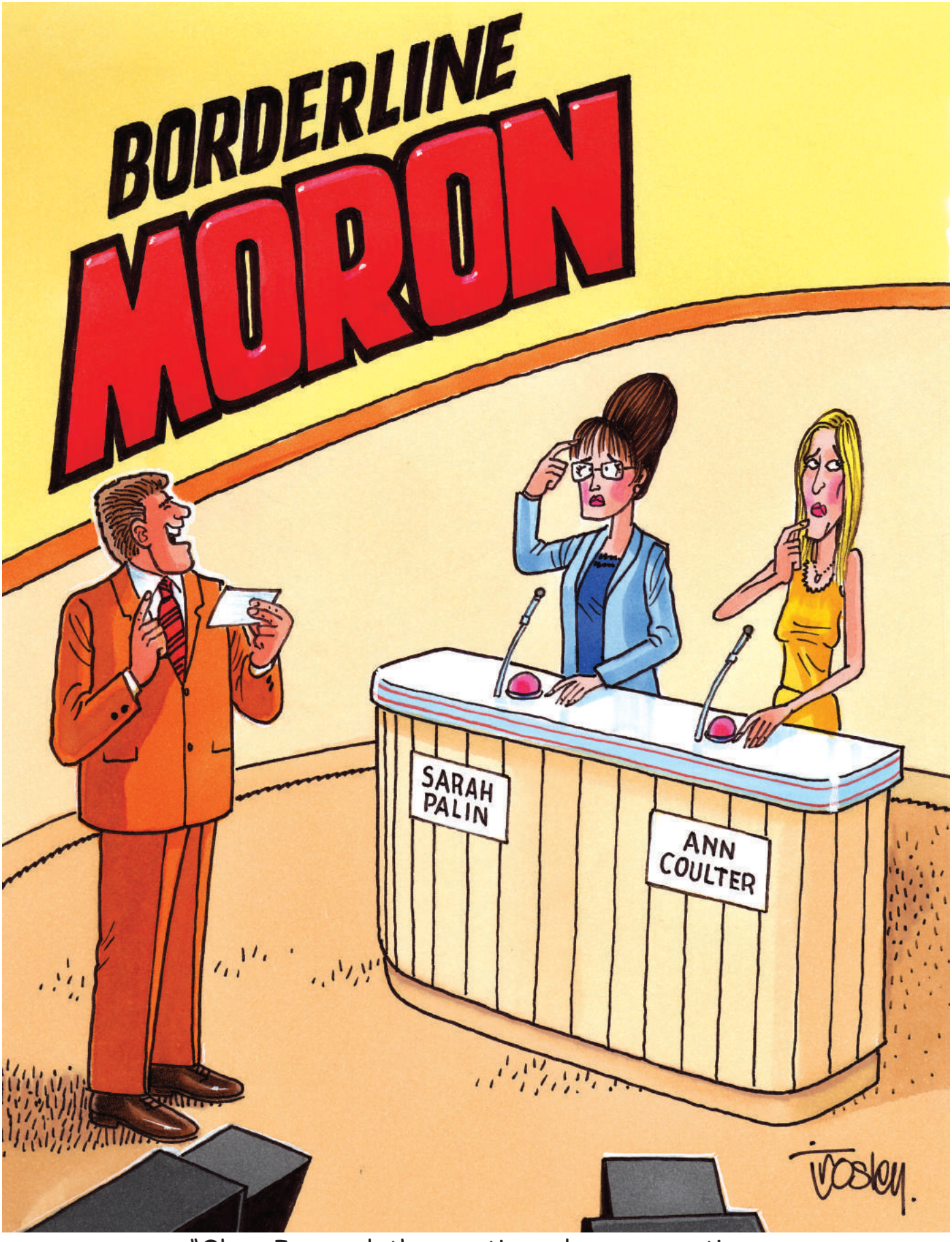
And, reader, remember this as America's use of killer drones—mostly by the CIA—keeps growing and growing: "The team [in Nevada] was under intense pressure to protect American forces nearby, and in the end it determined, incorrectly, that the villagers' convoy posed an imminent threat, resulting in one of the worst losses of civilian life in the war in Afghanistan."

But official reports of deaths said there were 23 torn-apart civilians! How will we know there weren't more? But who cares about "only" 23 civilian victims of America's War on Terror? Well, how about their families, friends, neighbors, countless Afghanis and, increasingly, the press there and some of the nation's leaders. The same is true in Pakistan and Yemen.

Director Petraeus, let's go back to that *Washington Post* story just before you became head of the CIA: "We're seeing the CIA turn into more of a paramilitary organization without the oversight and accountability that we traditionally expect of the military," said Hina Shamsi, director of the ACLU's National Security Project.

But neither David Petraeus nor CIA personnel are in military uniform. They are deeply within the supersecret CIA, which often operates without a smidgen of the accountability that "American values" used to demand. Does that at all bother you, Director Petraeus? How about you, the reader?

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America*; *Living the Bill of Rights*; and the forthcoming *Is This Still America?*



"Okay…I can ask the question only one more time:
The letters *USA* stand for what?"

THE UNITED STATES OF CONTENTION

LIBERTY AND BILE FOR ALL

Who can forget the debt-limit crisis? That's when everything broke down in Washington because the politicians who run our fragile country stopped acting like adults, becoming instead babies fighting over a metaphoric rattle. Their behavior was exacerbated and encouraged by a confederation of news channels, talk shows and the lowest form of commentator, the pundit.

When I was a kid in the '50s, I seem to remember, the Democrats and Republicans always disagreed with one another—but not to the point where the whole process of government fell into an abyss of dysfunction. They always referred to each other as "the loyal opposition," and the discourse was civil and productive.

Sure, there were assholes like Joe McCarthy and those awful Communist "witch hunts." But such low points for human rights were the actions of rogue demagogues, not a group actually trying to jam the wheels of progress.

The 2010 elections brought to Washington a whole raft of amateur politicians who collectively called themselves the Tea Party. It's funny, but they seem to have the same agenda as al-Qaeda—the total dismantling of the American system. It came in the guise of balancing our federal budget but played itself out with a singular word: *no!* The machinery that drives our democracy ground to a halt.

If the Democrats were dismayed by the Tea Party, so were the rank-and-file Republicans. They found the Teabaggers' intransigence and inexperience frustrating, even as they kowtowed to their demands. John Boehner, the newly minted Speaker of the House, was caught between a rock and a hard place. While the Ohio Republican tried to take a more reasonable position, he was ultimately forced to give in to the new kids in town.

One GOP congressman—wannabe House Speaker Eric Cantor—latched onto the Teabaggers to exploit their cause. With Cantor hovering over him like a buzzard waiting for an animal to die, Boehner had no choice but to give in.

The right wing wanted budget cuts and no more taxes for the wealthy, while Obama believed—quite correctly—that budget cuts alone couldn't do the job. We needed revenue (i.e., taxes) as well. With August 2, 2011—the drop-dead date to raise the debt ceiling—fast approaching, the President caved. Boehner bragged that he got 98% of what he (or maybe Cantor) wanted. Hey, I love pussy as much as the next guy, just not in the White House.

None of this bullheadedness would have been possible if it hadn't been exploited and encouraged by the media. They acted like those schoolyard bullies who'll egg on two quarreling kids until they come to blows. That's pretty much what the talk show hosts and the 24/7 news wonks and pundits not only allowed but also encouraged. Were it not for the unelected members of the media-bully pulpit, we might well have had a more civil and productive discourse.

The Tea Party is a creation of the media, which disseminated its message, thus giving the movement a platform and importance it didn't deserve. In fact, the Tea Party began in the media when reporter Rick Santelli of the CNBC business channel went into a rant on the floor of the Chicago Mercantile Exchange in 2009 over the government's Homeowners Affordability and Stability Plan. His call for a "Chicago Tea Party" resulted in cheers from the floor of the exchange and the birth of an amateur political movement.

The lunatics had taken over the asylum. Buoyed with their newfound power, they bullied their way around Washington. Contention ruled the day. And whether by design or cowardice, there wasn't one important voice who would decry the Teabaggers in the media.

So who was at fault? Most of the blame has to rest at the feet of the Republicans and their newly minted Tea Party overlords. But equally as complicit was President Obama, who, in the end, bowed to the right wing's demands, letting the bullies win by default.

Many said Obama should have gone FDR on their asses. I would have been happy if he had just gone George W. Bush!

Alex Bennett is a longtime HUSTLER contributor. The two-time Emmy winner, who broke into broadcasting as a teenager, can be heard weekdays on SiriusXM Left 127 (7 a.m. to 10 a.m. ET).

"Have I told you? I'm thinking about raising my debt ceiling!"

"After you regain consciousness, we will discuss further your allegation that I am irrational and violent during my period!"

Big on Beavers

I'm writing to pay tribute to the *Beaver Hunt* section in the October '11 issue. Sexy punk fan Terra Incognita is so hot and unique. I can think of nothing better than picking Terra up, carrying her to the bedroom, spreading her legs and feasting on her smooth, clean pussy.

Ms. Savannah belongs in adult films. I'd love to volunteer to be in her next birthday gang-bang! I'd love to fuck leggy, cocksucking Reagan while listening to Rob Zombie music. I'd look into her eyes as she takes my cock in all her holes. And finally, Victoria has a beautiful face that deserves to be drenched in cum. I'd love to see her swallowing cock while her ass bounces up and down on me as I'm coming hard.

I'd really like to see a special issue of HUSTLER with all of the *Beaver Hunt* ladies. Thank you for a great magazine and a fantastic issue!

—Shawn Connelly
Kansas City, Missouri

Go to **HUSTLERmagazine.com/ShopMagazines** to order over 30 issues of BEST OF BEAVER HUNT.

Fuck You, Rick!

When it comes to politicians and the bullshit they spew, I'm beginning to think those who govern Texas are the most retarded in the country. For example, Rick Perry. In my opinion he's another George "Dubya" Bush. Perry says if he were elected President, he'd eliminate Social Security. For that reason, I believe he deserves more "Piece of Shit" awards than Timothy Geithner has ever earned in your great magazine!

Unfortunately, I don't think voting works, and as much as I hate to say it—because it sounds insane—sometimes I believe anarchy would be a better way to go. Why? Because all politicians are rich snobs who don't care about blue-collar, working-class people!

—Paul Nathan Jr.
Cheektowaga, New York

Bushwhacker

Thank you for publishing a fantastic magazine that I can look forward to each month. However, I do have one major complaint: You don't show enough bush! (And I don't mean George W. either!) Your *Barely Legal All Bush* is one hot magazine that depicts a real woman!

Have you ever considered expanding the "All Bush" format to older women? How about an "All Bush MILF" or an "All Bush Cougar" magazine? They would sell great in this area if it's any indication the way the *Barely Legal All Bush* magazine flies off the newsstand. Please bring back the bush in HUSTLER!

—Larry C.
Elmira, New York

Winning

Charlie Sheen should forgive Kacey Jordan that little indiscretion [blabbing to the media] and have some great make-up sex [*Charlie Sheen's $30,000 Whore*, November '11]. The porn star probably did prolong his life. She certainly prolongs mine. Kacey Jordan has the most aesthetically pleasing vagina/ass combo I've ever seen. I don't have any money, but if I did, she could have it all so that I could fuck her all day and night.

—Max Dickens
Kirkland, Washington

Rants and Raves

Your best pictorial in the November '11 issue featured Britney Amber (*A Rockin' Good Time*). I'm happy to beat off to her every chance I get. She is a perfect 10; a dumb California blonde who was made for sex.

You had a strokeworthy shot of Britney's melons, nipples, thighs and juicy, wet pussy, but I wish there were more action shots. The black high heels were an added bonus for my cock! However, I am baffled as to why Tuesday Cross was also in this layout. She has very small breasts and bland black hair with ugly red coloring. No sex appeal.

Lisa Ann appeared in the second-best layout [*Who's Nailin' Palin? #2*], but there were no pictures of her pussy! And Lisa Ann's tits were mostly covered! It was disappointing. I expected more obscene photos.

Miela's pictorial [*Movie Buff*] had some great shots of her cunt. With her legs up in the air, her pussy is wide open, and her asshole is just waiting for its share of dick. What a great look inside her pants!

—Bill Smith
Chicago, Illinois

Readers couldn't get enough of Miela's bangin' body and wide, open spaces.

Hoodwinked

I was thumbing through the November '11 issue of HUSTLER when I stumbled upon Miela. According to her "Vital Facts," she is a 5-foot-6, 118 cutie from the Czech Republic. A few days later I was perusing the October '11 issue of *Barely Legal* and found Mielou, a 5-foot-3, 112-pound beauty from Lawrence, Kansas.

After several intense investigative sessions of both pictorials, my trusty sidekick—One-Eyed Pete My Trouser Meat—and I realized that these two ladies are one and the same! Holy HUSTLER! Fool me once, shame on you. Fool me twice, and I would love it! I don't care if Miela/Mielou is Mary Lou from Timbuktu. That sexy little treasure trail is like icing on a pound cake.

—M.A.
Russellville, Kentucky

Wishful Thinking

I'm sad to report that members of the Tea Party were harmed during the recent earthquake in Washington, D.C., while they were hiding in the men's room for their morning meal. There was only one bright side to the quake: Sarah Palin was finally able to shut her big mouth.

—Gregory Podsada
Trevor, Wisconsin

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

"When they're that big, they really do have a mind of their own..."

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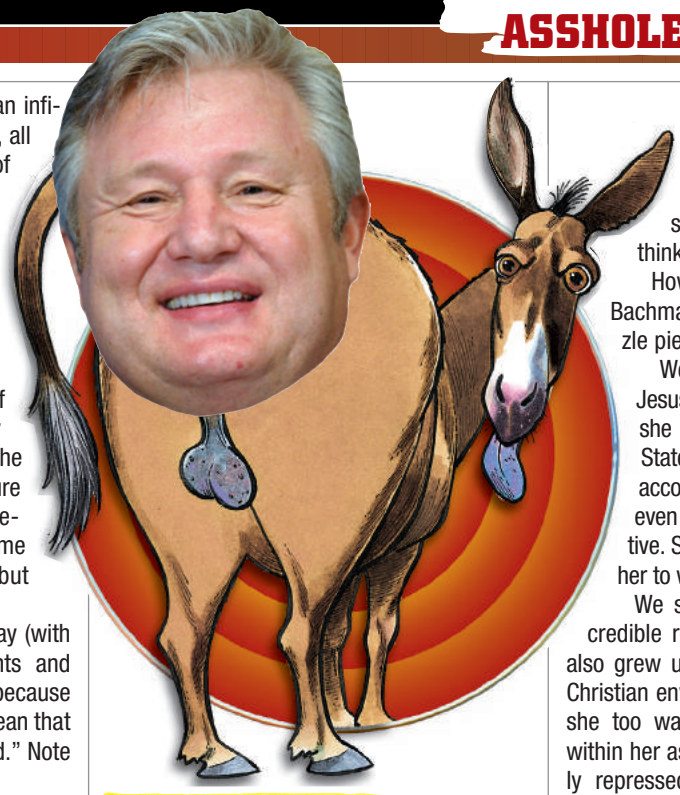


MARCUS BACHMANN

Quantum physicists tell us there is an infinite number of alternate universes, all of which contain different versions of ourselves. In one parallel universe you may be rich, in another poor, in one a great lover, in another a fearless warrior or a boring geek, et cetera.

In this universe, the one we're all in now, Marcus Bachmann—husband of Republican Representative Michele Bachmann—presents himself as being heterosexual. There may actually be an alternate reality where he is straight, but this is not the one. Sure Marcus Bachmann (apparently) repressed his urges to romance handsome young men in airport restrooms, but straight? Get real.

Listen to what Bachmann had to say (with his distinctive lisp) about adolescents and homosexuality on *Point of View*: "Just because someone feels it or thinks it doesn't mean that we are supposed to go down that road." Note that he uses the word *we*.

Here's more from the same interview: "I think you clearly say what is God's word on homosexuality, and I think that this is no mystery that a child or preadolescent, particularly preadolescent, will wonder about homosexuality. That's nothing new under the sun."

Nothing new under the sun? If Bachmann is saying—as it seems to us—that all preadolescents are tempted by homosexual thoughts, it *is* news to us. However, by making that statement, we believe Bachmann is pretty much acknowledging that *he* experienced such temptations in his youth.

What we have here is a clear case of projection: Bachmann is talking about himself! Anyone with even a basic understanding of psychology could tell you that. And this Asshole's very next jumbled statement seems to show his inner turmoil: "But I don't think that we should take that as, because we wonder or we think or we question, does that take us down the road of homosexuality."

Not surprisingly, Marcus's Christian counseling clinic—Bachmann & Associates—believes you can pray away gay, according to reports. Bachmann denies that his clinic promulgates this philosophy, but *The Nation* magazine reports at least one young homosexual confirming that a counselor "basically said being gay was not an acceptable lifestyle in God's eyes." As part of the "cure," Andrew Ramirez claims he was told to pray and read the Bible. He is not the only Bachmann & Associates patient to make such claims.

Marcus Bachmann is at war with himself! It's an ongoing struggle—a constant attempt to hide from his true sexual orientation. And what better way to wage that battle than to counsel young men who are struggling with their own homosexual concerns? (Remember, we're talking projection; when Bachmann counsels gay youngsters, he's actually talking to himself.)

Now here's the big question: What forces could possibly make a man wall himself off from his own inherent sexuality? The answer is obvious.

Marcus Bachmann grew up in a fundamentalist Christian household in which the whole idea of homosexuality was anathema. No doubt his parents made it clear at an early age that gay sex was a sin worthy of Hell's fiery pits. That must have been terrifying for a young gay child. So we can understand why, as a teenager, the frightened young Christian decided to block out those thoughts. If Marcus could deny them, he could deny he was gay. Ipso facto, he'd be safe from God's wrath. Poor fellow.

(BTW: Bachmann's Ph.D. dissertation dealt with child care. A person might reasonably argue that this was the subconscious choice of a person who thinks he was abused as a child.)

How does Representative Michele Bachmann fit into all of this? Like a puzzle piece being snapped into place.

We're told Michele Amble found Jesus at the age of 16. Shortly thereafter she hooked up with Marcus at Winona State University in Iowa. By her own account, Michele married her classmate even though she did not find him attractive. She claims it was God who directed her to wed the swishy Marcus.

We suspect there was another, more credible reason for choosing him: Michele also grew up in a repressive fundamentalist Christian environment. No doubt, like Marcus, she too was terrified by the urges stirring within her as a teenager. We think the sexually repressed and frightened young woman seized on Marcus as a way to avoid her own lustful desires. What better way to achieve that end than by marrying someone who was unattractive and gay to boot!

Sure, they've had five kids together (probably), but we suspect there has been little sexual contact between them for anything other than procreation. Michele may look hot, but she is—we strongly believe—asexual. All that repressed sexual energy would explain why she felt compelled to run for office and later for the Presidency. What better way to get rid of all that repressed frustration?

(FYI: You know that crazy look Michele gets from time to time? We suspect that occurs when the true—and horribly vacuous—nature of her relationship with Marcus threatens to impinge on her conscience.)

Marcus Bachmann is a man who has wasted his whole life running from his true nature. You can't pray away gay, Marcus. The evidence is in on that. You can only repress it, thereby creating deformed, twisted people incapable of leading a meaningful, happy life. So not only have you ruined your own life, you are also ruining the lives of others as well.

Save yourself, man! Live what's left of your life honestly. Your gay brothers and sisters are waiting to embrace you.

FART IN THE WIND

Dr. Keith Ablow isn't Asshole of the Month caliber just yet, but the narrow-minded psychiatrist and Fox News pundit is laying the groundwork. In one of his blogs he characterized a mother painting her young son's toenails pink for a catalog ad as "psychological sterilization." Dr. Ablow also advised parents to not let their "vulnerable" kids watch transgender Chaz Bono compete on ABC's *Dancing With the Stars* because they might be inspired to follow in the former female's footsteps. Besides labeling Bono's appearance as "toxic and unnecessary," the Fox blowhard seemed to imply that all transgender people have an "abnormal psychology" and that they "are on tortuous, tragic paths through confused identity issues" and live life in "a very dark place." The misogynistic antichoice advocate also announced that "men should be allowed to veto abortions" because a man's potential to be hurt at not becoming a father overrides a woman's right to her own body.

PHOTOS COURTESY AFP/GETTY IMAGES

AROUSING UPRISING

The past year has seen a wave of protests worldwide, ranging from pro-democracy rallies in the Middle East to the recent riots in London. Although a Ukrainian women's rights group hasn't attracted the same media attention, its members certainly have an aesthetically pleasing approach. The organization, founded in 2008, stages topless demonstrations to register its displeasure with sexism, sexual tourism and other related causes.

It's an unusual strategy: The chicks let their boobs hang out so that they can call attention to how women shouldn't be objectified. Perhaps this is a contradiction, but who cares? Hell, if the Tea Party had a few smoking-hot topless gals at its rallies, maybe we'd even consider going over to the dark side.

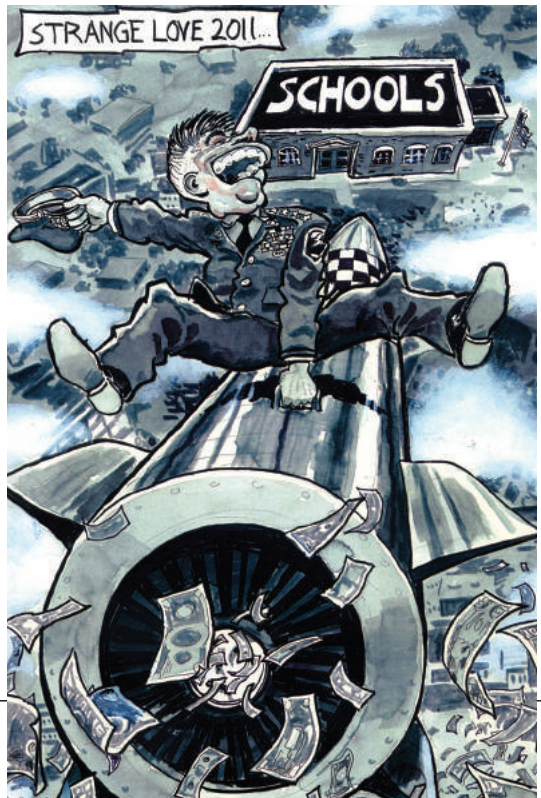
PORN FROM THE PAST

This World War II-era photo depicts four lovely ladies from a Pacific Ocean island near Guam. We're not sure what happened after this picture was snapped, but we hope that at least one of these chicks was whisked away from paradise to get her shot at the American Dream: becoming a bitter, chain-smoking soldier's wife in Buttfuck, Tennessee.

Thanks to J.K. of Pahrump, Nevada, for this vintage photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's *Porn From the Past*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

BOMBS OVER BOOKS

Inspired by filmmaker Stanley Kubrick's *Dr. Strangelove*, this George Jartos cartoon tells you all there is to know about our country's fucked-up priorities. Bombs over books? Long live the war profiteers! For more of George's work, visit **GeorgeJartos.com**.



"Some people never go crazy. What truly horrible lives they must lead." —CHARLES BUKOWSKI, AUTHOR

CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD Khloé Kardashian LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

Khloé may lack the name recognition (and superlative ass) of her sister Kim, but this Kardashian is swiftly crafting a legacy of her own. She's doing it the old-fashioned way: starring in a string of reality shows chronicling her existence as a spoiled brat, launching a couple of uninspired clothing lines and marrying a Los Angeles Laker. Isn't that how Ernest Hemingway got all famous and shit?

DISCLAIMER: No such picture of Khloé Kardashian actually exists. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON

"Too much Viagra!"

PHOTO BY ERIC ALTHOFF

HALL OF HUMPING

The Museum of Sex, located at 233 Fifth Avenue in New York City, was founded in 2002 to educate the masses about an archaic subject that few of us have ever given much thought to. No, wait. That's every other museum. This one is dedicated to the history of fucking, with exhibits ranging from primate intercourse to sexy comic strips. Stop by in person or head to **MuseumOfSex.com**.

"There's no religion but sex and music." —STING, HORNY MUSICIAN

PIECE OF SHIT AWARD #26

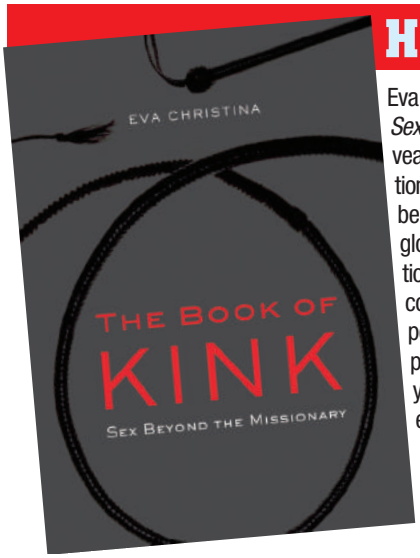
TIMOTHY GEITHNER

With the United States facing the grim possibility of a double-dip recession, President Obama and Treasury Secretary Tim Geithner's failure to reform the financial system has become increasingly troublesome. One major unresolved issue involves "short selling," which allows hedge funds to generate massive profits by betting against an economic recovery. When Germany moved to substantially limit the practice, Geithner made it clear that this country would forge its own path—one that won't impede Timmy's investment banking buddies from raking in profits. Among his notable accomplishments, Geithner helped derail the McCain-Cantwell amendment, which would have imposed stricter regulations on banking practices. In short, he's not going to do anything about short selling no matter the cost. We will continue to shit on Timmy's head until he either quits or gets his sorry ass fired.

FOOT BOOB

In news that thrilled foot fetishists everywhere, doctors discovered a nipple on the foot of a 22-year-old woman. Superfluous nipples are not uncommon (even actor Mark Wahlberg reportedly has one), but an extra teat had never before been found below the waist. We owe this scoop to *Dermatology Online Journal*, which published photos of the medical oddity. Unfortunately, we had to generate our own hypothetical image because the journal didn't want any of the pics reprinted in HUSTLER. God forbid we tarnish the name of a publication devoted to pimple-popping and genital rashes.

HUSTLER BOOK CLUB



Eva Christina's *The Book of Kink: Sex Beyond the Missionary* reveals that, while nontraditional sexual practices have been around forever, the global population is unquestionably getting freakier. In her comprehensive guidebook of perversion the author explores deviant proclivities ranging from flatulophilia (farting fetish) to yeastiality (the desire to fuck bread). Who doesn't enjoy banging the tar out of a good marble rye?

The Book of Kink: Sex Beyond the Missionary (Perigee Trade Paperback Original, $14), is available from online retailers and wherever books are sold.

NEWSBITES

HORSE PORN

Marion Laval-Jeantet recently completed a strange new project. For this piece the French artist had herself injected with horse blood. She then donned a pair of stilts and paraded around a stage with an actual horse. The work, titled "May the Horse Live in Me," garnered Laval-Jeantet a great deal of attention in the art world. [*Editor's Note: Gentle reader, if you are considering injecting horse blood into your body, please consult a physician beforehand.*]

GROUP SCRUB

Residents of Bournemouth, England, bonded together to shatter the Guinness world record for group bathing. Actually, the 152 swimsuit-clad guys and gals huddled together under a massive showerhead. We applaud their efforts but wonder why the event wasn't held in Paris, where it could have had the added benefit of introducing French culture to the concept of personal hygiene.

DON'T DRINK THE WATER

A man arrested for jerking off into a coworker's water bottle was recently sentenced to six months in jail and ordered to pay more than $27,000 in restitution. The moronic masturbator apparently was interested in a female colleague at a Fullerton, California, bank but didn't quite know how to break the ice. So he whacked off in her water. Back in our day we just sent flowers.

PERVERTED JUSTICE

Rhonda Hollander—an Orlando, Florida, traffic court judge—was busted after she reportedly followed a dude into a bathroom to snap a picture while he stood at a urinal. Since the incident took place in a courthouse lavatory, it didn't take long for Hollander to be apprehended. The magistrate's motives remain unknown. If Hollander was hot for the gent, she should have wooed him in a manner more befitting a judge: placing one of her pubic hairs on his soda can.

"Sex at age 90 is like trying to shoot pool with a rope." —GEORGE BURNS, CIGAR-CHOMPING COMEDIAN

SWAPPING SLUTS

In our youth a lot of us collected baseball cards providing stats like batting average, home runs and stolen bases. Now we covet cards that feature hot chicks along with information like "turn-ons" and "favorite position." At least that's how Adult Trading Card Company sees the world. It has launched a new series featuring luminaries from the porn industry, including Sophie Dee, Diamond Kitty, Courtney Cummz and Katie Jordin. We'd happily round third base with all of those chicks.

For more info or to start your collection of cards, visit **AdultTradingCardCompany.com**.

HARD-CORE HARDWARE

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

Nyomi Banxxx

Lisa Ann

Superstar XXX

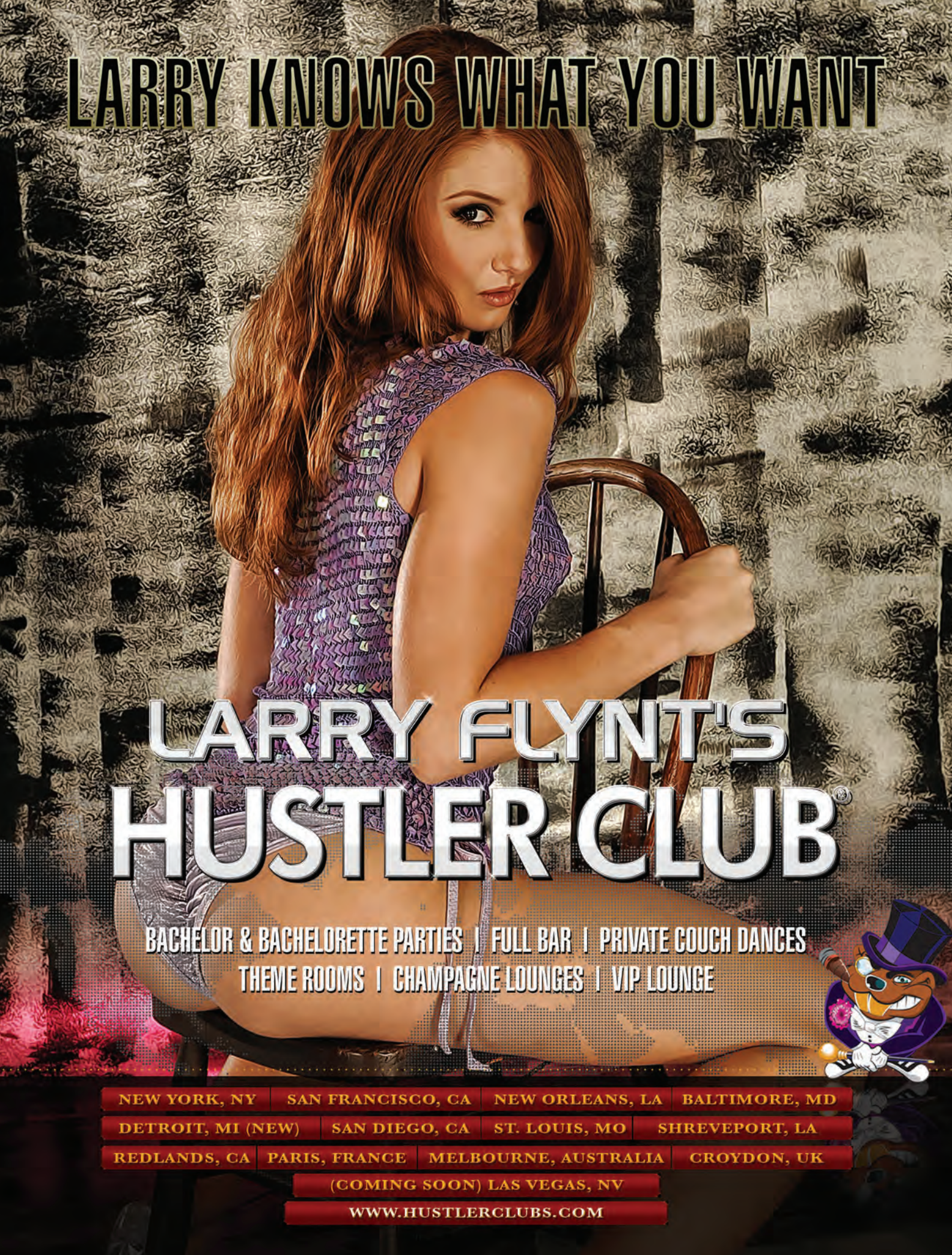
PHOTO BY RICH STEPHENS

Spantaneeus Xtasty

The 2011 Urban X Awards show, held at The Vault nightclub in downtown Los Angeles, honored achievements in ethnic pornography. After rocking out to music from the band Brain Dead Burockracy, the audience was treated to a diverse parade of XXX performers.

Lisa Ann seems to have a stranglehold on the industry's MILF-related kudos. In addition to picking up a 2011 Urban X Award, she was previously recognized by XBIZ and FAME (Fans of Adult Media and Entertainment) as the most fuckable mom. Nyomi Banxxx garnered the Urban X Award for Female Performer of the Year, while Spantaneeus Xtasty was among the latest Hall of Fame inductees. There's no question that Superstar XXX deserved her prize for being the BBW with the Biggest Ass in Porn.

"To succeed with the opposite sex, tell her you're impotent. She can't wait to disprove it."—CARY GRANT, FILM ACTOR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MIXING IT UP

SHAY LAREN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITALDESIRE.COM

Shay Laren gets bored easily. "I love to mix things up," this blond (at least for now) bombshell reveals. "Whether it's my hair color or where I live, I'm always looking to try something new."

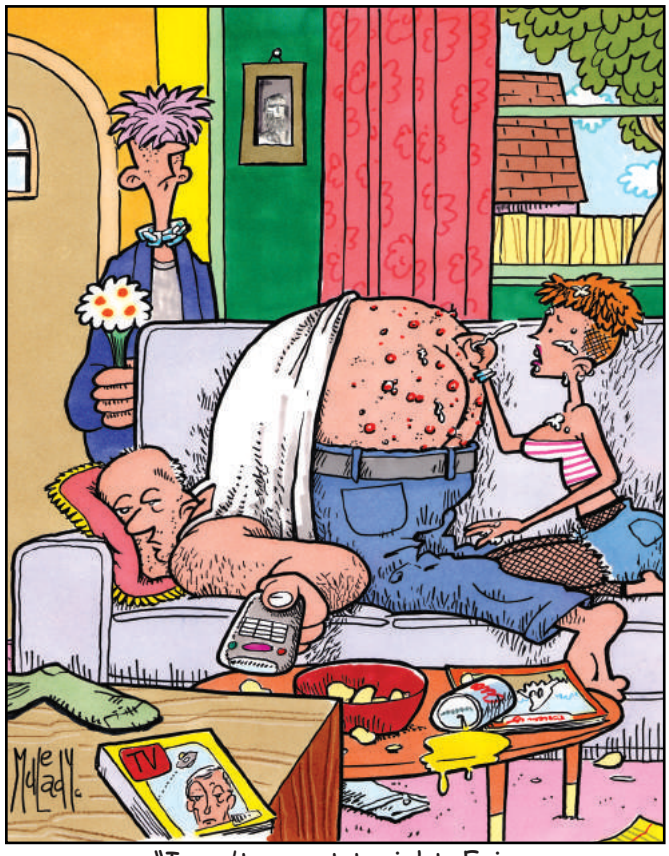
Although Shay welcomes change in some aspects of her life, she remains very attached to her family and friends. "I moved around a lot as a kid," she elaborates, "but everywhere I went, I made great friends. Staying in touch is really important to me. I would be lost without the people I love."

Since Shay doesn't get to travel as much as she would like, the babe relishes every adventure. "I particularly like spontaneous trips," Shay points out. "The type where you just take off without a plan, with no idea where you're going to sleep that night. I want to be open to whatever the world offers!"

Carefree and easygoing, Shay has no desire to fret about the future. "I'm all about living in the here and now," the stressless sexpot asserts. "That doesn't mean I behave like an idiot and take dumb chances. For me it just means you should appreciate where you are."

It's easy to appreciate where you are if Shay Laren happens to be there too.

SHAY LAREN'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Fort Benning, Georgia | AGE: 25 | BIRTH SIGN: Capricorn | HEIGHT: 5-5 | WEIGHT: 110



"I can't go out tonight, Eric.
I'm popping zits on my daddy's ass."

"Please, Stanley, I hate it when you beg."

"Ma?!"

BY BOB FITRAKIS & HARVEY WASSERMAN

HIGH TREASON

HOW OUR COUNTRY WAS BETRAYED BY THREE PRESIDENTS.

ILLUSTRATION BY KEVIN GENTRY

The not-so-slow death of our nation by betrayal, bankruptcy and despair has not happened by accident. Three treasonous backstabs by Republicans Richard Nixon, Ronald Reagan (in cahoots with George H.W. Bush) and George W. Bush have poisoned our body politic and bled us into chaos.

The first act of treason came in 1968 as the Vietnam War reached a critical turning point. Democratic President Lyndon Baines Johnson was desperate for a truce between North and South Vietnam. His Vice President, Hubert Humphrey, was in a tight Presidential race against Richard Nixon. With demonstrators in the streets, Humphrey needed a cease-fire to get himself into the White House.

Johnson had it all but wrapped up. With a combination of gentle and iron-fisted persuasion, he forced the leaders of South Vietnam into an all-but-final agreement with the North. A truce was imminent, and Humphrey's election seemed assured. But at the last minute the South Vietnamese pulled out.

In his 1983 book *The Price of Power*, Seymour Hersh revealed that Henry Kissinger—then LBJ's adviser on Vietnam peace talks—secretly alerted Nixon's staff that a cease-fire was looming.

According to Hersh, Nixon "was able to get a series of messages to the [President Nguyen Van] Thieu government, making it clear that a Nixon presidency would have different [more favorable] views on the peace negotiations," hence South Vietnam's abrupt withdrawal from the Paris peace talks.

Johnson was livid. He even called the Republican Senate Minority Leader, Everett Dirksen, to complain that "they oughtn't be doing this. This is treason."

"I know," Dirksen feebly replied.

Johnson blasted Nixon about this on November 3, 1968, just prior to Election Day. As Robert Parry of ConsortiumNews.com has written, "When Johnson confronted Nixon with evidence of the peace-talk sabotage, Nixon insisted on his innocence but acknowledged that he knew what was at stake."

Said Nixon: "I would never do anything to encourage…Saigon not to come to the table. … Good God, we've got to get them to Paris or you can't have peace."

With the war still raging, Nixon claimed a narrow victory over Humphrey. He then named Kissinger as his National Security Advisor.

During Nixon's first term, more than 20,000 U.S. troops died in Vietnam. More than 100,000 were wounded. More than a million Vietnamese were killed. But in 1973, Kissinger was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for negotiating the same settlement in 1972 he'd helped sabotage four years earlier.

According to Parry, Johnson wanted to go public in 1968 with Nixon's treason. But Clark Clifford, an architect of the CIA and a pillar of the Washington establishment, dissuaded him. In particular, Clifford told LBJ (in a taped conversation) that "some elements of the story are so shocking in their nature that I'm wondering whether it would be good for the country to disclose the story and then possibly have a certain individual [Nixon] elected. It could cast his whole administration under such doubt that I think it would be inimical to our country's interests."

In other words, Clifford told LBJ that the country couldn't handle the reality that its President was a certifiable traitor eligible for the death penalty. Fittingly, Clifford's upper-crust career ended in disgrace thanks to his entanglement with the crooked Bank of Credit and Commerce, which financed the terrorist group al-Qaeda.

That White House lie led to a horrific war that has cost the lives of thousands of Americans and hundreds of thousands of Iraqis—not to mention a trillion or more U.S. dollars.

Tormented by the disastrous war that destroyed his Presidency, Johnson died just four years after leaving the White House. Nixon was reelected in 1972, again with a host of dirty dealings, then became the first U.S. President to resign in disgrace. But along the way, Nixon trained a new generation of dirty tricksters that included Dick Cheney, Donald Rumsfeld, Karl Rove, William Casey and George H.W. Bush.

It was this Bush who engineered a second act of treason that put Ronald Reagan into the Oval Office with him as Vice President. What became known as "the October surprise" began in 1979 when Iranian revolutionaries seized the U.S. Embassy in Tehran and took 52 American hostages, holding them deep into this country's 1980 Presidential campaign. As Election Day neared, incumbent President Jimmy Carter announced he had a deal to bring them home.

Suddenly, however, the deal evaporated. The 52 Americans remained in Iran, and Reagan overcame unfavorable pre-election polls to win a landslide victory. "Coincidentally" the hostages were released on January 20, 1981, as Reagan was being sworn in.

Very quickly a wide range of credible sources claimed the GOP had pulled off another game-changing act of treason. Gary Sick, a member of the National Security Council under Presidents Ford and Carter, wrote in the *New York Times* that the Reagan campaign had illegally interfered with Carter's negotiations to bring the hostages home.

Sick's devastating allegations were confirmed by Abholhassan Bani-Sadr, who was elected president of Iran during the hostage crisis. In his book *My Turn to Speak: Iran, the Revolution and Secret Deals With the U.S.*, Bani-Sadr said ex-CIA Director George H.W. Bush and future CIA Director William Casey conspired with Iranian leaders to sabotage President Carter's attempts to free the hostages. According to what Bani-Sadr told author Barbara Honegger—a former Reagan-Bush campaign staffer and GOP White House analyst—the Iranians "made a deal with Reagan that the hostages should not be released until after Reagan became President. So then, in return, Reagan would give them arms. We have published documents which show that U.S. arms were shipped, via Israel, in March [1981], about two months after Reagan became President."

Sergei V. Stepashin, a high-ranking Russian official, made the same claims and—according to reporter Robert Parry—released corroborating files to the U.S. Congress documenting the treason. (It was Parry who broke the Iran-Contra story for *Newsweek* and the AP.)

Arms dealer and CIA contract employee Richard Brenneke testified that he had flown Reagan's campaign director, William Casey, to Paris for a series of secret meetings with the Iranians while Carter was also negotiating with them. Brenneke said Casey did the deal to keep the hostages captive until Reagan was sworn in.

Brenneke's assertions were tested in court when he was found not guilty after being charged with perjury. Jury foreman Mark Kristoff said in an interview, "We were convinced that, yes, there was a meeting, and he [Brenneke] was there, and the other people listed in the indictment were there. … There never was a guilty vote. … It was 100%."

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Ari Ben-Menashe, purportedly an Israeli intelligence agent, swore under oath before Congress that he saw Bush in Paris over the weekend of October 18-19, 1980. Ben-Menashe told Congress that Bush and Casey were in a hotel and headed into negotiations with radical Iranian cleric Mehdi Karroubi.

Parry points out in his book *Trick or Treason* that the late Yasser Arafat—head of the Palestine Liberation Organization—disclosed to President Carter that Republicans seeking help in arranging the logistics of the October surprise arms-for-hostages deal had contacted the PLO in 1980. Alexandre de Marenches, former chief of French intelligence, confided to his biographer that the French secret service had aided Casey in meeting with the Iranians in Paris in 1980.

It is legally treasonous for private citizens to interfere with official negotiations between the U.S. government and a foreign power. Thus, Reagan's sabotage of Carter's attempts to bring the embassy hostages home from Tehran—like Nixon's sabotage of LBJ's Vietnam peace talks—clearly qualifies as a capital crime.

George W. Bush threw his hat in the ring of "aiding and abetting the enemy" by illegally outing a covert CIA agent in 2003. The felony came as part of the cover-up of the lies he'd employed to suck America into an illegal war.

In the wake of the terror attacks of September 11, 2001, Bush declared he would bring al-Qaeda leader Osama bin Laden to justice. Not long after that, however, Bush all but abandoned the search for Bin Laden. Instead, he told the American public, war was needed to rid Iraq's U.S.-sponsored dictator, Saddam Hussein, of "weapons of mass destruction."

Hussein had nothing to do with the 9/11 attacks. In fact, he was Bin Laden's sworn enemy. Former Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld has since confirmed that Bush knew full well Hussein had no such WMDs. In his recent autobiography, Rumsfeld reveals that Bush's real reason for going after the Iraqi dictator was to settle a deep psychological score with his father, George H.W. Bush.

Among other things, the younger Bush ordered Secretary of State Colin Powell to lay out before the United Nations a series of blatant falsehoods meant to win support for a U.S. invasion of Iraq. The key lie was a fabricated scenario in which Hussein supposedly tried to obtain uranium for nuclear weapons from an African country. As Bush put it in his infamous 2003 State of the Union address: "The British government has learned that Saddam Hussein recently sought significant quantities of uranium from Africa."

That White House lie led to a horrific war that has cost the lives of thousands of Americans and hundreds of thousands of Iraqis—not to mention a trillion or more U.S. dollars. The lie was accompanied by an impeachable felony—a blatantly illegal betrayal of a CIA agent.

On July 6, 2003—almost six months after Bush's deceitful State of the Union address—former ambassador Joseph C. Wilson IV wrote a *New York Times* op-ed refuting Bush's cover story for the Iraq War. In "What I Didn't Find in Africa," Wilson—who had been sent to Niger by the CIA to investigate the supposed British claims—said he had "little choice but to conclude that some of the intelligence related to Iraq's nuclear weapons program was twisted to exaggerate the Iraqi threat."

Wilson contradicted Bush's claim that Hussein had obtained yellowcake uranium from Niger to build a radioactive weapon. As Wilson put it, "Selling uranium would require the approval of the minister of mines, the prime minister and probably the president. In short, there's simply too much oversight over too small an industry for a sale to have transpired."

To cover the lie he had told to get the United States into war, Bush decided to discredit and destabilize Wilson—by putting the life of the diplomat's wife, covert CIA officer Valerie Plame, in jeopardy. But as stipulated by the Intelligence Identities Protection Act of 1982 (passed while Bush's father was Vice President), it is a felony to identify an undercover CIA agent.

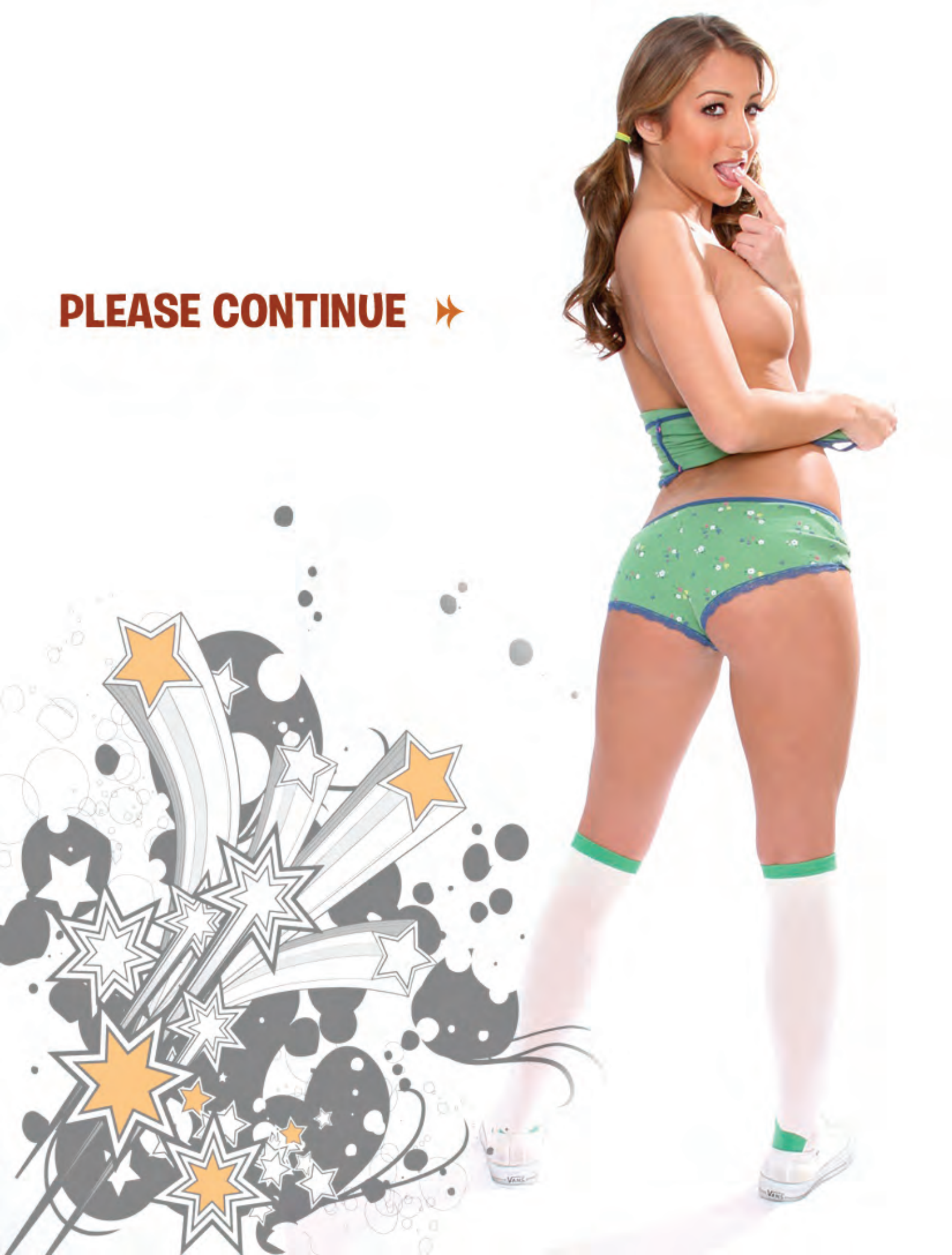
The law reads in part that "whoever, having or having had authorized access to classified information that identifies a covert agent, intentionally discloses any information identifying such covert agent to any individual not authorized to receive classified information, knowing that the information disclosed so identifies such covert agent…shall be…imprisoned not more than ten years." George H.W. Bush himself stated that any American revealing such info would be committing treason.

After Wilson's op-ed appeared, senior White House adviser Karl Rove indirectly confirmed for syndicated *Washington Post* columnist Robert Novak that Plame was a CIA agent. On July 11, Rove did the same for *Time* magazine's Matthew Cooper, according to the reporter's subsequent grand jury testimony. Cooper had previously confirmed hearing about Plame from Vice President Dick Cheney's chief of staff, I. Lewis "Scooter" Libby, but that Libby hadn't mentioned her by name.

In his July 14, 2003, column titled "Mission to Niger," Novak denounced Ambassador Wilson's claim that the Bush Administration was manipulating data to sell an unjust war. Novak wrote: "Wilson never worked for the CIA, but his wife, Valerie Plame, is an Agency operative on weapons of mass destruction." Meanwhile,

(continued on page 151)

PLEASE CONTINUE



INTERVIEW BY K.K. LE ROQUE

CHYNA

FROM WWF TO XXX

The former World Wrestling Federation superstar holds nothing back as she talks exclusively to HUSTLER on the eve of her headfirst slam into hard-core.

PHOTO AND BOX COVER ART COURTESY VIVID ENTERTAINMENT

Born Joan Marie Laurer, Chyna first made a name for herself as the most successful and popular female combatant in the history of professional wrestling. Billed as "The Ninth Wonder of the World," the onetime bodybuilder even grappled with men and in 1999 became the only woman to hold the title of Intercontinental Champion. But at the height of her fame, Chyna soon found herself cast out of Vince McMahon's World Wrestling Federation (now WWE). After McMahon's daughter stole the brunet bruiser's then-fiancé, Triple H, Chyna was shown the door.

Thanks to various insecurities and addictions, Chyna chose to address her demons as a cast member of the reality shows *Surreal Life* and *Celebrity Rehab With Dr. Drew*. Today a humble, sober and downright sexy Chyna has returned to the limelight with a new outlook on life. Ready for another shot at the top, she has chosen adult entertainment as the arena in which to flex her talents. Chyna stopped by HUSTLER to discuss her WWF battles (both in and out of the ring), having a giant clit and her decision to become a full-time XXX actress.

HUSTLER: Was your initial porn film, *1 Night in Chyna*, really a leaked sex tape?

CHYNA: I would say it was more than a leaked sex tape. I was in a very abusive relationship. I felt more stupid than anything. Coming from the three-ring circus of pro wrestling, his taking the camera out during sex meant nothing to me. Doing the tape was fun, but I didn't think anyone would see it! Then the ex took off, which was a good thing, but he took off with the tapes. It just became a nightmare. It was difficult because all this relationship drama played out in the public eye. It was horrible, and it took me a long time to get over it. People thought I was doing this on purpose. That was totally the problem. Talk about being screwed.

How did the ball get rolling for your new adult film, *Backdoor to Chyna*?

I had another bad boyfriend who said, "I'm gonna make a porn with you too!" He called several adult companies, including Vivid, and I think he called HUSTLER too. I found that out and dumped him ASAP. Days later I was sitting alone in my living room, and Steven Hirsch from Vivid called. He said, "We got this call. Why don't you come in?" I don't know why, but I did. We talked, and I decided then and there I wanted to do this!

Why do you now want to be in porn full time?

I was picking up the pieces of my life. I felt very strong mentally after I realized the one last thing that was keeping me down was this "sex-tape horror" in my past. The nudity and having sex didn't bother me. It was that I didn't intend for it to be seen. It was a real violation. It was embarrassing and humiliating. But I decided to finally face it, get past it. I had wasted too much time waiting for wrestling to call me back. Ten years have gone by, and I never say never, but I think that part of my life is done. It's time to move on. I thought I would jump on this. Because it's Vivid, I knew it would be fun, classy and that I would be treated fairly. I knew it would be beautiful. They were so respectful and didn't try to push my boundaries.

Did you get to pick your costars?

I didn't know anything about porn, so I didn't know the size of the guys and how big they would be. (*Laughs.*) I told Vivid I wanted to do everything that a good porn would do. I didn't want to do it halfway. That made it fun. I wanted the biggest "stars" in the business. Vivid picked people they knew would work well with me—fans of mine. It was great. Everybody was really fun. I got to do it all.

Did you have any misgivings about doing anal?

Anal was a big thing with the leaked sex tape. Let me put it this way: The first time, I didn't see it coming. (*Laughs.*) I decided to turn that poison into medicine and do it in a safe environment. I experimented and tried all the things that maybe I wouldn't try in my personal life. I just wanted to see what anal would feel like if done the right way. The fact that the title is *Backdoor to Chyna* is so funny to me. It makes me laugh so much.

Did experimenting sexually on film open things up for you personally?

I think so. It was very emancipating in every way. Because this film was not something that was done to me, it was very empowering. It's a great message because everybody has sex, and porn stars are rock stars these days.

How long did it take to shoot *Backdoor to Chyna*?

Four days. It was a lot of action. That was the most sex I've ever gotten in my entire life. (*Laughs.*) Lots of makeup and scenery. Really very glamorous—I loved it.

Is it true that you have a giant clit?

I don't know. I suppose. What can I say? Yes! You have to check it out!

Besides clearing up all the past stuff, what do you hope this film will accomplish?

I don't know if there was an intent. I didn't know how it was going to go, but it's gone so well that I definitely would do more porn. I'd do more mainstream too. I've already proved myself from my time in the wrestling world, and I've done some mainstream stuff from that. I always wanted to be a soap opera actress. Spanish was my major [in college]. Maybe I could be in a telenovela [a Spanish- or Portuguese-language TV drama] or something like that. That is why I dyed my hair black.

What is tougher, wrestling or hardcore porn?

Wrestling by far. It's a skill and a talent. Wrestlers are the best athletes in the world. When you're in the ring and literally have someone's life in your hands, you have to perform. You have to have the skill.

Is WWF/WWE kingpin Vince McMahon really a douchebag?

To me? Yeah. It's extremely political behind the scenes. Vince McMahon is a billion-dollar mogul, and I can't say he was the easiest guy to work for. At the height of my career, Vince handled a personal matter not so personally. It affected my life.

Why did McMahon prevent you from legally using the name Chyna?

I was getting ready to be married to Hunter [Hearst Helmsley a/k/a wrestler Triple H]. We were stars and had this great home. I was at the height of my career. Then Vince's daughter [Stephanie] got out of college,

ALL PHOTOS FROM *BACKDOOR TO CHYNA*, COURTESY VIVID ENTERTAINMENT

Diana Prince shows Chyna's king-sized clit the proper respect.

joined the company and got together with my fiancé. That was all she wrote. The rug was literally pulled out from under me.

I tried to be professional and handle it like an adult. They did not. I was so shocked. Suddenly my whole life changed. They took this billion-dollar vehicle and my career away. They told me, "Go home and rest. We'll talk about a new contract later. Don't lose your job over this." Those were the last words Vince said to me.

I had nobody. All my friends and my family were in the wrestling world. A friend of a friend who was a lawyer called and said, "I heard what happened. Let's have lunch." I'm sitting with this guy in the middle of Jerry's Deli, and the waitress brings over a fax. It was a total setup! It was my termination letter from the WWF. They said, "Thank you very much." I was under contract, but they wouldn't be needing me anymore. And I was told that they owned the name Chyna. That was 2000, and no one has spoken to me since.

After that happened, I figured I'd better try my best to move on. But I was still under contract, so nobody could hire me. If they wanted to do something with me, they were threatened. Everyone was afraid of the billion-dollar bully [Vince McMahon]. It forced me into limbo. It was a way to suck me dry financially.

Billy Glide and Chyna get physical, while Vendetta soaks up the scenery.

How did you get your name back?

I decided to go to court to make them pick a name for me to use in the public eye. [*Editor's Note: McMahon's lawyers had prevented Chyna from using any variation on the name.*] I didn't have the money for a lawyer, so I walked in the courthouse myself. I did my own paperwork, learned the legal system, kept going and going. In 2007 I won my name. It took a long seven years.

Do you have a favorite moment from your wrestling days?

I loved every day. I couldn't wait to wake up and be part of the excitement. I lived it. I saw it grow from folding chairs in high school gyms for 200 people into this billion-dollar business. I was on Wall Street with the WWF when we rang the bell. I loved everything from the actual wrestling to the photo-shoots and interviews.

How real was your time in reality TV?

To me it was *all* real. Of course it is scripted, and they make you into a character. You have to go in and just be you and let them blow up that character. When you fight it, you get into trouble. I had a lot of personal issues going on then. If not for them, it would have been a total blast. Reality TV is great because they put things in front of you that you never get to do in the real world and say, "Have at it!"

I remember hearing you sing on *The Howard Stern Show*. Do you still have musical aspirations?

First of all, I would like to apologize for that. (*Laughs.*) But I can say that I had a band and did a record, and that was really cool. And we'll leave the singing at that.

How would you describe your relationship with Howard Stern?

To do his show, you really have to get it. Coming from wrestling, I think he could push things a little farther with me. Sometimes he could be really harsh. When you leave the studio, you have to take that with you. He's brilliant. He's a genius. He sucks you in. Every time I go in, it gets easier and easier. Those were good times. Although now that I have it together, he told me I got too boring.

Do you date a lot, or do men find you too intimidating?

I don't think I intimidate men. I haven't dated a lot recently because most people date people that they work with. They are in an environment where they meet people they think are suited for them. When I was in the wrestling world, I was in the environment where I would meet people. Now I'm not. Plus I have high standards. I want to meet someone who has it going on and who gets my career.

How close is the character of Chyna the wrestler to the real you?

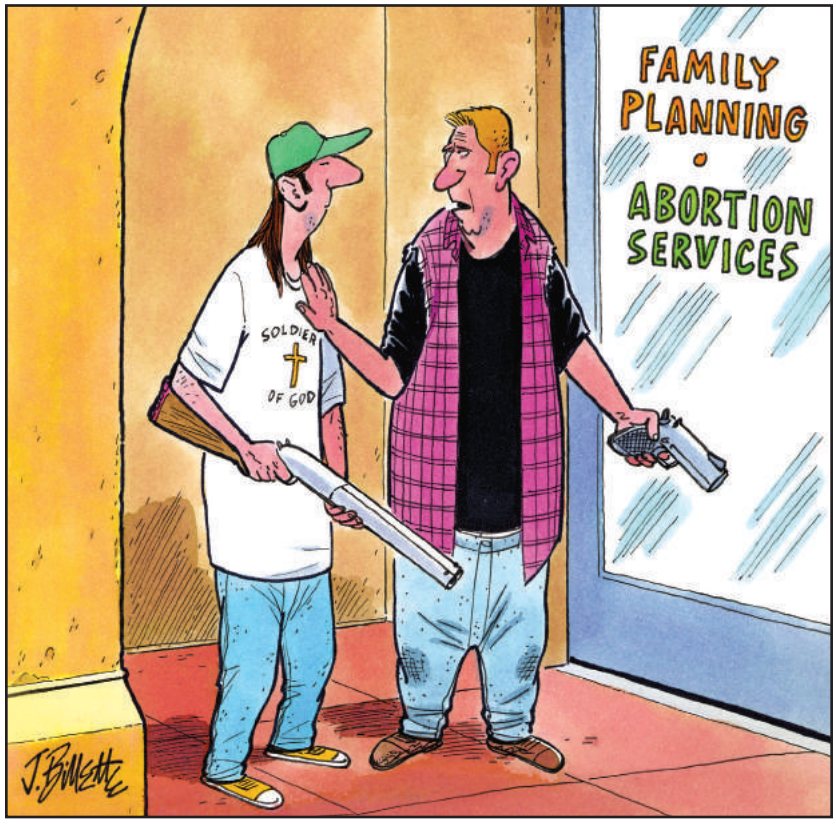
Hardly anything like the real me. Besides both being athletic, Chyna was my greatest role. There is no way I could have done what I did if I hadn't been playing a role. I couldn't have been this tough asskicker without building that character up and making it believable.

What is the biggest misconception people have about you?

I think people misconceive those years where I was having a lot of difficulty and trouble. That I'm a train wreck. I was going down that road of substance abuse. It was the way to deal with the abusive people that I had in my life. The wrong way? Yeah. People were watching this train wreck and didn't know the course it would take. It had to take this long to get the whole picture.

I'm okay now, and I think it shows. I've done so many incredible things in my life that most people never get to do. I embrace life. I'm aware of how lucky I am. I get it. It is a new time for me, and it's a happy time.

"Jeffrey, I know this must seem rather sudden, but I think we should start seeing other people."



"Wait! What if after we kill the doctor, the baby we save grows up to be a fag?!"

READY AND WILLING

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

VANESA

Vanesa loves being unpredictable. “I like to surprise people,” she declares. “I enjoy surprising myself too. I might spend an entire Saturday watching old movies and then go bungee jumping on Sunday.”

In just about every aspect of her life, Vanesa savors variety—especially in the bedroom. “I’m really different depending on the guy I’m with,” the Czech hottie discloses.

Detailing her sexual predilections, Vanesa continues, “If I’m dating a shy guy, I’ll be super adventurous because it’s fun to get someone to come out of his shell. I’ve been known to fuck in public; I did it with this sweet nerdy guy at a museum once! But if I’m with an aggressive person, I tend to act more reserved. It’s weird, like some switch flips inside me.”

Even though Vanesa is drawn to different types, all of her paramours tend to share a common trait. “I’m always attracted to someone with a sense of humor,” the blond temptress states. “I know that every girl says she’s looking for a funny guy, but I really am. I’m into people who are naturally funny and enjoyable to be around. Some dudes try so hard to make jokes that it’s just annoying.”

Because the last thing we’d ever want to do is annoy Vanesa, we won’t struggle to end this narrative with a clever joke. Instead we’ll just leave you to enjoy the doll’s fantastically fine form.

VANESA'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Prague, Czech Republic | AGE: 27 | BIRTH SIGN: Cancer | HEIGHT: 5-5 | WEIGHT: 111

BY KIMBERLY CHENG

Q&A LARRY FLYNT

ULTIMATE RECOGNITION

PHOTO COURTESY NATIONAL CONSTITUTION CENTER

A SHRINE TO THE U.S. CONSTITUTION HONORS HUSTLER'S OUTSPOKEN PUBLISHER

Larry Flynt was awestruck after seeing his name on the American National Tree for the first time during a recent visit to the National Constitution Center in Philadelphia. As a courageous defender of the First Amendment, Flynt has been honored with a plaque on the monument, which pays tribute to 100 Americans—both famous and obscure—whose actions have helped safeguard the U.S. Constitution. We sat down with Larry to discuss his thoughts on being part of such select company and why freedom of speech is so important.

HUSTLER: How did it feel to see your name on the American National Tree?

LARRY FLYNT: It was pretty exciting. I had heard that it was there, but I didn't realize what a big deal it was, so I never gave it that much thought. Sidney Poitier, the actor who's a friend of mine, had told me four or five years ago that it was there. I was in Philadelphia on my [*One Nation Under Sex*] book tour, so I thought I'd go to the Constitution Center and take a look.

It was really kind of a strange experience because the curator didn't charge us the cover charge, and everyone was fussing over us the whole time. I couldn't quite understand what this was about until the curator took me to the very middle of the Constitution Center, where they had this exhibit called the American National Tree.

Tell us about the exhibit.

It was an electronic monument with the inscription "This monument is dedicated to 100 people who advanced and protected the Constitution of the United States of America." And if you press a button where your name is, a big video explodes—one foot by two foot wide—and it has pictures of you. It also has a bio spelling out the different reasons why you were selected to be on the tree. Well, selected is really not the process because I asked the curator, "Who decides who the 100 names are?"

He said, "It's done by scholars and several universities around the country. You can only put one name on once a year, and consequently one name gets taken off. But you don't ever have to worry about your name coming off."

Were you included in the first 100 honorees when the Constitution Center opened in 2003?

Yes, and I was really overwhelmed about it because it's such a significant part of history. You're right in the center of where it all happened. I said to the curator, "Why are you guys making such a big deal of me being here?"

He said, "Well, Mr. Flynt, most of those people up there are dead. So they're not gonna come. But you're alive."

It was a very moving experience. I would have gone there and visited much sooner if I'd known the extent of the display.

Who are you next to on the tree?

Katharine Graham, who was the owner of the *Washington Post*, for her role in Watergate. And Frederick Douglass, the first black man invited to the White House, who was an author and advocate for civil rights. I'm right between those two.

Is the tree part of a larger exhibit?

Yes. There's a room where the Constitution was drafted. The center has life-size bronzes of George Washington, John Adams and Benjamin Franklin, three of our Founding Fathers. These bronzes are just so realistic, it's unbelievable. You get this humbling feeling as you go through the center and realize all the history that took place there. It's overwhelming.

The tree is located right in the heart of Constitution Center. It is the main display. You would have thought the Founding Fathers—the drafters of the Constitution—would have been front and center in the exhibit, but they aren't. They're in a side room. I'm not questioning why the Constitution Center did it, but the tree was right there, a living, breathing, interactive piece of history.

Why is protecting the First Amendment so important to you?

Without the First Amendment, nothing else is of any importance at all. If the First Amendment goes, we lose everything. Not just freedom of speech but freedom of religion. It's the cornerstone of our whole democracy, and it's withstood the test of time in many court cases down through the years. That's why I've been proud to be a part of upholding the First Amendment.

Many people don't understand that freedom of speech is not the freedom for the thought you love. It's the freedom for the thought you hate the most. We pay a price to live in a free society, and that price is toleration. We have to tolerate things that we don't necessarily like so we can be free. And that's what most Americans don't understand.

If you go out and take a poll and ask people, "Do you believe in free speech," 98% of them will say they do. Then ask them, "How about pornography? How about flag burning? How about hate speech?" All of a sudden your almost 100% support falls to below 50% because everybody has their own vision of what the First Amendment is supposed to be, what kind of speech it's supposed to protect. That's why it really needs to be protected because the courts and individuals throughout history and even today are attempting to compromise the First Amendment every chance they get.

Are these limitations to the First Amendment the most pressing free speech issue in America right now?

We had a former Supreme Court justice who said the First Amendment is not absolute. You can't scream "Fire!" in a crowded theater. Well, I happen to think he's wrong. I think you *can* scream "Fire!" in a crowded theater. If anyone is hurt as a result of your doing that, then that's the crime you should be prosecuted for. I'm an absolutist. I'm a purist when it comes to the First Amendment. I just don't think we should compromise it in any way.

But compromise is just part of it. There's also outright abuse. If certain political leaders had their way about it, there wouldn't be a First Amendment. You would just shut up and do things their way. That's the way they play the game.

You're known for pushing the envelope and taking risks. Are there aspects of free speech even you wouldn't touch?

Of course there are. I would never exploit children because you're violating the rights of someone not old enough to speak for themselves. But I think that's a crime totally separate from the First Amendment.

A lot of people try to put everybody on a guilt trip about the First Amendment by saying, for example, hate speech violates the rights of others. Well, there are laws to protect the rights of others. The First Amendment should not be caught in a web because it's purely free speech.

You've obviously accomplished much in your life. Is there anything you haven't done and want to do?

Accomplishing what I did in Philadelphia—it's difficult to outdo that. It's almost the equivalent to being honored on Mount Rushmore.

What do you want your legacy to be?

Being remembered as someone who fought to expand the parameters of free speech in a good way. I think that would be a great legacy.

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AN UNCOMMON BEAUTY

SHAZIA SAHARI

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

Shazia Sahari is as unique as her name. Ask some girls about their passions and they'll extol the virtues of fucking on the beach. Not the lovely Shazia. "I'm really fascinated by anthropology," the articulate sweetie reveals. "The meanings people make out of everyday life and experience are exciting."

Shazia, who reckoned she wasn't cut out for a humdrum 9-to-5 job, began modeling right after graduating from college. "I'd love to go back to school," she notes. "I'd really like to get a master's in psychological anthropology."

Don't get Shazia wrong, though. She's not all brains and no bedroom. "I truly do love sex," we learn. "I've done it outside, at the gym and in a dressing room. I screwed on a ladder once. I was near the top, and the guy came up behind me. I'm no prude. My least ideal evening would be a night of celibacy."

As if she weren't hot enough, Shazia muses, "My fantasy would be to fuck in a steam room. I think it would be intense, sweaty, passionate. That sounds great to me."

A gal as special as Shazia is naturally quite particular about her gentlemen callers.

“I’m into independent thinkers,” she says. “Men who make up their own minds, who aren’t easily influenced by what’s on TV or what their friends are saying. I like smart men who can challenge me in a conversation.”

Dust off your SAT scores, guys.

SHAZIA SAHARI'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Chicago, Illinois | AGE: 26 | BIRTH SIGN: Scorpio | HEIGHT: 5-5 | WEIGHT: 130

HUSTLER'S GUIDE TO

JULIA CROWN
Photo courtesy MC-Nudes.com

CARMEN
Photo courtesy MC-Nudes.com

MORGANE
Photo courtesy Member3DPorn.com

ONLINE 3D PORN

IT'S JUST LIKE THE REAL THING, ONLY WITHOUT THE STDS. BY TYLER DOWNEY

From VHS and on-demand video to the Internet and Blu-ray, pornography has always ushered in the latest entertainment technology. So it comes as no surprise that a new generation of porn producers is capitalizing on the 3D wave. The way they see it, 3D is here to stay, and they intend to be the pioneers of this cool way to watch erotic content.

While 3D technology has been around since the early 1800s, modern technological advances have made the effect all the more exciting. Arguably the current craze can be traced to the overwhelming success of the Hollywood blockbuster *Avatar*. By becoming the most profitable movie of all time and spawning a seemingly never-ending host of imitators, *Avatar* introduced the world to the possibilities and magic of 3D done right. And the adult industry took notice.

Three-dimensional sites sprang up all over the Internet. While it's one thing to watch a girl's beautiful boobs bouncing up and down on your computer screen, it's a whole different experience when those mammaries seem to be popping out of the screen at you.

But before you go rushing off to find some 3D glasses, there are a few things you should know. The term *3D* describes the process by which an image or video is made to give the illusion of depth. Not all 3D methods or processes are the same. If you were blown away by *Avatar* and expected the same effects from *Clash of the Titans*, you were probably disappointed. It makes a big difference if a film is shot with a 3D camera or if it is shot with a normal camera and then converted to 3D afterward. Beyond that, there are several ways to create a three-dimensional effect, and they don't all require special glasses.

Anaglyph: This method is the most popular. Utilizing the famous red and cyan (or blue/green) 3D glasses, each lens shows a separate image from two slightly different perspectives—one to each eye. The

CLARA
Photo courtesy MC-Nudes.com

LUNA
Photo courtesy Member3DPorn.com

MINA
Photo courtesy MC-Nudes.com

brain blends together the two images it receives and interprets the differences to create the illusion of depth. The benefit of anaglyph 3D is its cost and ease of use. Drawbacks include a lack of vivid colors.

Polarizing: This method also uses glasses, but the respective lenses restrict the two observed images by sending out a different angle of light into each eye. Thus, the left and right eyes see a slightly different image. When viewed with both eyes, the brain melds the two images, making them appear to be three-dimensional. Although polarizing is simply another way of duplicating what is done with the anaglyph method, the images are of significantly better quality, more colorful and easier to watch. The downside, however, is that the cost increases a great deal, mostly thanks to the sophisticated projection system. IMAX theaters use this method.

Shutter Glasses: These viewing devices use liquid crystals to very quickly alternate images of different perspective between the viewer's left and right eye. (In other words, one eye will be blinded, while the other one can see in a rapidly alternating fashion.) Shutter glasses display the two images so fast, they appear as one. And they show true colors in full 3D with HD quality. Attaining the effect this way costs a lot more than anaglyph and polarized porn, primarily because of the glasses. Also it's a little more stressful on your eyes than other 3D technology.

Autostereoscopy: This method is glasses-free. Variations include parallax barrier, lenticular, volumetric, electro-holographic and light field displays. For video, special screens in the latest television sets and monitors break up the images into separate pictures. They then combine them automatically at a directed point—the observer. One benefit is obvious: no glasses to wear. The major drawback is having to sit in a specific spot to get the best 3D effect. Nevertheless, autostereoscopy looks very promising for the future of 3D.

Most 3D Web sites indicate which method is utilized and what equipment—from simple anaglyph glasses to special monitors—is required. For a wide range of 3D glasses, check out **3Dcompany.com**.

Since 3D entertainment is the future, it's only natural that porn is leading the way into this exciting new realm.

OUR PICKS FOR THE FIVE BEST 3D SITES ON THE WEB

MC-Nudes.com is high-class in every way. Celebrating women of all kinds—young, mature, blond, brunet, hot, even hotter—this site has a lady for anybody's tastes. Besides daily photo-sets (some in 3D), MC-Nudes offers a big archive of 2D HD videos and a rapidly expanding 3D section. Anaglyph only.

Member3DPorn.com is the first European 3D stereoscopic XXX Web site. Launched in September 2009, it offers 3D videos in full HD (1080p for each eye). Its videos are encoded in various formats so that they are readable by nearly all the above-mentioned 3D systems. Most of the babes seen here are exclusive to Member 3D Porn, so you probably won't see them anywhere else.

3DCertified.com features XXX movies catering to a wide range of fetishes—anything from solo masturbation to spanking, interracial, handjobs, foot worship, medical role-playing and much more. The 3D Certified girls are primarily English-speaking porn stars. Another plus is this site gives the consumer a choice of viewing formats. These include anaglyph glasses, as well as support for polarized glasses and 3D screens (see

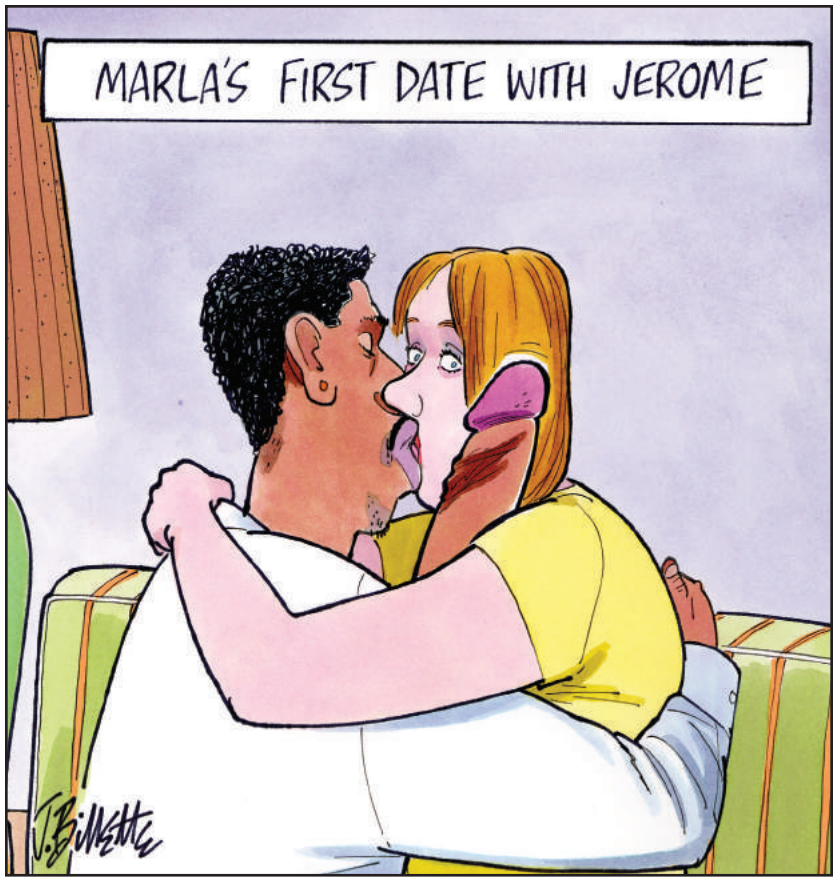
MORGANE
Photo courtesy Member3DPorn.com

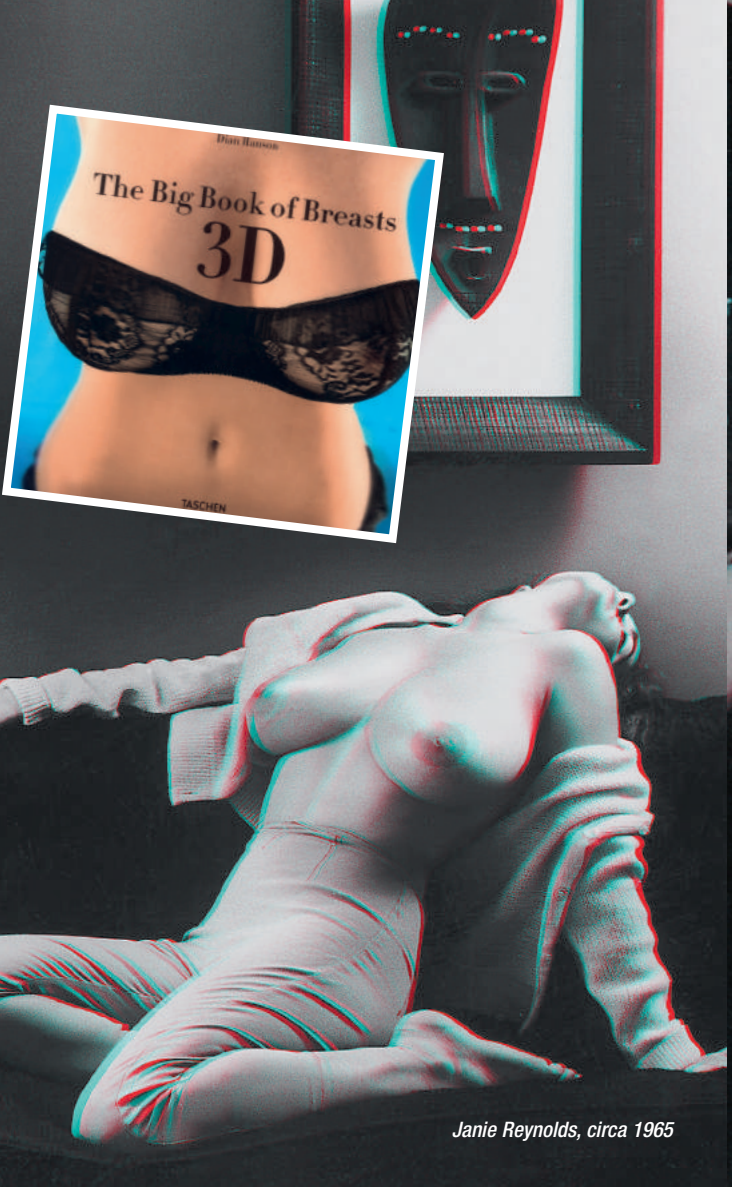
"Autostereoscopy"). Visitors can also watch in the conventional non-3D format.

Whipp3D.com is for anyone interested in a survey of 3D porn. This is one of the few 3D erotica sites that actually reviews what its counterparts are doing. That includes providing photos, videos and links to the sites it reviews. Whipp 3D users can experience firsthand what 3D porn is all about without the need to buy a premium membership right away. It also provides articles, tutorials and everything else 3D-related. This site is truly the hub for 3D-erotica enthusiasts.

3DWowMovies.com gets a nod for its HD 3D videos, free glasses and multiple membership types. And thanks to brand-new content every week, things never get stale. Visitors can also sign up for a free 3D porn DVD! This site has support for all 3D viewing options. Wow!

After attending the University of Missouri, Tyler Downey moved to Los Angeles to follow his dream of becoming a journalist. During a stint at HUSTLER he penned articles on the Bankruptcy Bill, Obama Girl and other topics. Now back home in the Show-Me State, Downey writes about everything from politics to porn.





Janie Reynolds, circa 1965

PHOTOS COURTESY TASCHEN

Candy Barr, circa 1955

EYE-POPP

A BEAUTIFUL 3D PHOTO BOOK DELIVERS AN UP-CLOSE

Babies know it's true. So do drunken businessmen at strip clubs. There's no denying it: Boobs are the most important thing in the world.

Dian Hanson's *The Big Book of Breasts 3D: The Modern Age of Touchable Curves* is a celebration of mammaries like no other. The book's stunning black-and-white photographs of busty beauties were retroactively rendered in anaglyph 3D by John Schnitzer, co-owner of the famed conversion company The Brain Factory.

In her insightful introduction, Hanson explores the tome's twin concerns: 3D technology and marvelous breasts. The 3D effect was invented in 1838, when British scientist Sir Charles Wheatstone conceived a process whereby two images—each seen from a slightly different perspective—could be viewed simultaneously to create the illusion of depth. These 3D images were originally seen through a contraption called a stereoscope; by 1850, there were stereoscopes in nearly 1 million homes.

Even from the dawn of 3D, the technology was used for prurient purposes. Three-dimen-

BOOK REVIEW BY RUDOLPH ENGLISH

Honey Bee

Tempest Storm
photo by Earl Leaf, circa 1960

ING RACKS

PEEK AT SOME OF THE 20TH CENTURY'S GREATEST BOOBS.

sional images of topless women became popular, particularly in France, where prostitutes generally served as the models. The next big leap for 3D was in the cinematic realm. The first 3D film widely released in America was 1922's *The Power of Love*. Following the '50s boom (*House of Wax*, *It Came From Outer Space*, *Creature From the Black Lagoon*, etc.), an X-rated 3D flick—*The Stewardesses*—shocked and titillated audiences in 1969.

With more than 100 breathtaking images, *The Big Book of Breasts 3D* boasts an impressive variety of top-heavy babes. There's a pleasing diversity to the selected images, as the photographs range from coy and alluring to sultry and provocative.

The book provides a rare opportunity to view sexy women from yesteryear as they appeared in their prime. The models include such famous strippers from the 1950s as Candy Barr and Tempest Storm. Barr's 34D breasts were widely regarded as being perfect specimens.

No matter the era, there has always been (and always will be) a market for images of beautiful women exposing their stupendous bazooms. If you'd care to explore the delightful subject further, *The Big Book of Breasts 3D* (Taschen Books, hardcover with 3D glasses, 220 pages, $39.99) can be purchased at **Taschen.com**.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

GOING BOTH WAYS

ALEXIS FORD

Alexis Ford is comfortable with change, which is important, considering her bicoastal and bisexual tendencies. “I divide my time between New York and Los Angeles,” Alexis discloses. “I come to L.A. a lot for work, but I’m definitely a New Yorker at heart.”

Alexis, a diehard Yankees fan, finds the nonstop energy of the Big Apple extremely titillating. “L.A. is a cool place,” she notes, “but most of it shuts down by two in the morning. New York is awesome because it literally never sleeps; no matter what time it is, you can pretty much do whatever the hell you want!”

With so many options, Alexis isn’t always sure what she desires. Sometimes when out club-hopping, the seductive babe doesn’t even know which gender to pursue. “I swing both ways without a doubt,” Alexis reveals. “I love getting fucked by a strong, confident man, but nothing beats corrupting innocent girls! It’s fun showing them the ropes!”

While the majority of her work in front of the camera has tended to involve sapphic action, Alexis appreciates men and women equally. As long as the uninhibited vixen has some kind of sexual release, she’ll keep her sanity. “I can’t go long without an orgasm,” Alexis confesses. “At the very least, I have to masturbate every day or I’ll seriously go crazy!”

If there's anything **Alexis Ford** enjoys more than her sex life, it's sharing it with her fans. "I'm an exhibitionist at heart," the avid tweeter states. "It turns me on to know that people are watching me fuck." Speaking for dudes (and chicks) around the globe, we can assure **Alexis** that the feeling is mutual.

ALEXIS FORD'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: New York, New York | AGE: 23 | BIRTH SIGN: Taurus | HEIGHT: 5-4 | WEIGHT: 120

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Peering down at the top-heavy blonde standing before him, the judge asked, "Young lady, were you cited in the car accident?"

"Oh, yes, Your Honor," the ditz bellowed. "I was so 'cited, I peed all over myself!"

A real woman is a man's best friend. She will inspire him to do things he never thought he could do. She will never betray him or let him down. She will assure him when he feels insecure and comfort him after a lousy day. She will make sure he always feels as if he's the most handsome man in the room and will enable him to be the most confident, sexy, seductive and…

No, wait! Sorry. We're thinking of something else. It's whiskey that does all that.

Question: How can you learn from your parents' mistakes?

Answer: Use a condom.

Tired of the rat race, Cliff quit his job and moved to Alaska, as far from humanity as possible. After six months of total isolation, someone knocked on his door. Cliff opened it and found a tall, bearded man standing there.

"The name is Lars, your neighbor from 40 miles up the road," the stranger announced. "I'm having a party Friday night. Gotta warn you, there'll be some drinkin', some fightin' and some wild sex too."

"That's okay," Cliff remarked. "I drink, I can hold my own in a brawl, and I sure wouldn't mind some sex after six months out here. What should I wear?"

"Don't matter much," Lars muttered. "Just gonna be the two of us."

According to a recent survey, Washington, D.C., has more 20-to-35-year-olds earning at least $100,000 a year than any city in America. They're the hookers servicing our philandering lawmakers.

One day a sweet old lady called her local hospital and asked to speak with the head nurse. "How is Norma in Room 302 doing?" she inquired.

"Let me find her chart," the nurse chirped. "Okay, here it is. The patient is doing fine. Her blood pressure is perfect, and all of her tests came back normal. Are you Norma's sister?"

"No, I'm Norma in Room 302," the caller huffed. "No one tells me jackshit around here!"

Jackie asked her husband, "How many women have you slept with?"

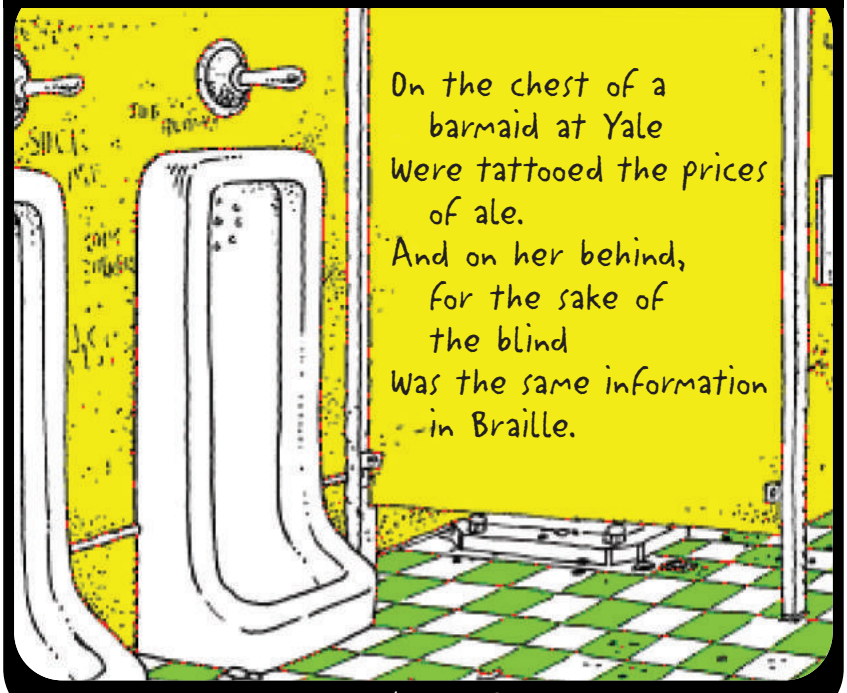
He proudly replied, "Only you, darling. With all the others I was awake."

HUSTLER Wisdom: It's true that glue can't fix a broken heart, but if you sniff enough of it, maybe you'll forget you ever met the bitch.

Dave had just finished reading a new book titled *You Can Be the Man of Your House*. He stormed into the kitchen and informed his wife: "From now on you need to know that I am the man of this house, and my word is law. You will prepare me a gourmet meal tonight, and when I'm done, you will serve me a scrumptious dessert. When I say so, you are going to go upstairs with me, and we will have the kind of sex that I demand! Afterward you are going to draw me a hot bath so I can relax. You will wash my back, towel me dry and bring me my robe. Then you will massage my feet and hands. And tomorrow, guess who's going to dress me and comb my hair?"

Dave's wife replied, "The funeral director would be my first guess, dear."

GRAFFILTHY



Thanks and $50 go to George B.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

"You know me, Brian. I don't get mad. I get even! I'm going right out and fucking any stud I find, get crabs and a couple of STDs. *Then* I'll get mad!"

PHOTO BY MIKHAIL KIRYANOV/VA5ILICH.COM

A LOOK AT A HIP, FAR-OUT TREND—AND THE WOMEN WHO LOVE IT.

BY T. LEE TYSON

Natalia Dolgopolova proclaims, "The real art is to *undress* in steampunk." The Moscow native, who operates a modeling agency, says steampunk became ubiquitous in Russia after the fall of the Soviet Union.

WHAT THE HECK IS STEAMPU

PHOTO BY JAN SCHÄFER FOR UFOCRASH.DE

Germany's **MADmoiselle Méli** has been a steampunk model since 2002, gracing such Web sites as **UFOCrash.de**. She also designs jewelry, top hats and accessories, which she sells at **en.Dawanda.com**.

NK?

The term *steampunk* may not ring a bell, but you've probably seen it exemplified everywhere from MTV videos to Nevada's annual Burning Man festival to New York City's fashion runways. "I think it's going to be pretty big this year," predicts steampunk photographer Zim Killgore, who describes the phenomenon as a meshing of "old technology and fashion." Thomas D. Willeford, lead artist/designer at Brute Force Studios—a steampunk prop and apparel company in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania—concurs that steampunk's popularity may be just about to crest, perhaps thanks to social as much as aesthetic reasons. "[Steampunk] has a quality that's very much lacking these days: class," Willeford notes.

But what is steampunk exactly?

K.W. Jeter is credited with coining the catchy term in 1979 to categorize his and other writers' novels that depicted Victorian-period settings and characters through a science-fiction lens. The culture of steampunk fashion, an outgrowth of the literary genre, is manifested primarily in personal style. Steampunk borrows many of its images from 19th-century British and American life, back when electricity in every home was still a pipe dream and steam power was the cutting-edge technology in factories and rail transportation.

"I am fascinated by the idea of an alternate past," says MADmoiselle Méli, a German goldsmith, jewelry designer and steampunk model. "What would have happened if instead of electricity, the steam engine was the 'high tech' in our society? I just love to let my fantasy run free and imagine."

While steampunk style has a discernible tie to the Victorian period and early 20th century—lace and leather, unforgiving bustiers and aviator goggles—it is also distinguished by the unique ways in which it plays with time. Besides reappropriating inventions of days gone by, steampunk aficionados dream up innovations from the perspective of Victorian-era denizens.

"Steampunk encourages the idea of taking things apart, finding out how they work and turning the pieces into something really cool," adds fetish model Nicotine. Also known as Lady Clankington, the up-and-coming steampunk celeb owns Lady Clankington's Cabinet of Carnal Curiosities, a Harrisburg-based adult-novelty manufacturer and Internet retailer that sells such 19th-century-inspired items as the Little Death Ray, a vibrator that looks like a steampunk ray gun. "They make great accessories," says Lady Clankington. "Most people get a laugh out of them because they're a little naughty and fun without being too in your face."

For some, steampunk is just a fashion statement, but for others it's becoming a veritable lifestyle. Comic-Con, San Diego's annual multimedia extravaganza and the world's largest comic book convention, has established one of its four days as Steampunk Day. SalonCon, the first neo-Victorian/steampunk convention, was held in 2006. It not only featured artists, musicians and authors but also gave attendees an opportunity to participate in such Victorian-era pastimes as séances and ballroom dancing.

Luthy, a teacher and steampunk buff from Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, describes a recent trend: "There are people who carry the steampunk style into their personal lives, decorating their computers and cell phones as if they were real pieces of steampunk paraphernalia, and aren't afraid to take to the streets using pieces of clothing and accessories in the style." Luthy admits that she, on the other hand, prefers to wear her steampunk outfits only to events. "In general, we are not accustomed to seeing a lot of people walking around with clothes from the 1800s," Luthy acknowledges.

MADmoiselle Méli may not don a corset and feathered top hat every day, but the inspiration of the pieces is never far from her mind. "Steampunk definitely is a big part of my attitude," she says.

While women and men appear to be almost equally immersed in steampunk, it's the ladies who often garner more attention thanks to their imaginative interpretations of the style. "On guys, steampunk

PHOTO BY BRUNO ANTONUCCI

Luthy is a teacher of Portuguese and English in Rio de Janeiro. The steampunk enthusiast sews all her own clothes and makes mechanical accessories. "Even Victorian ladies should have a little touch of sensuality, right?" she muses. Find her at **Luthy-Lothlorien.DeviantArt.com**.

PHOTO BY AC SANTOS

Graphic artists and lovers **Maru** (right) and **Andariel** are well-known in the online costuming and fandom communities. Check out their steampunk creations at **Maru-Light.DeviantArt.com**.

PHOTO BY AMELIA G FOR BLUEBLOOD.COM

Lady Clankington is the proprietress of Lady Clankington's Cabinet of Carnal Curiosities, as well as an actress, event producer and fetish model. See more at **LittleDeathRay.com** and **BlueBlood.com**.

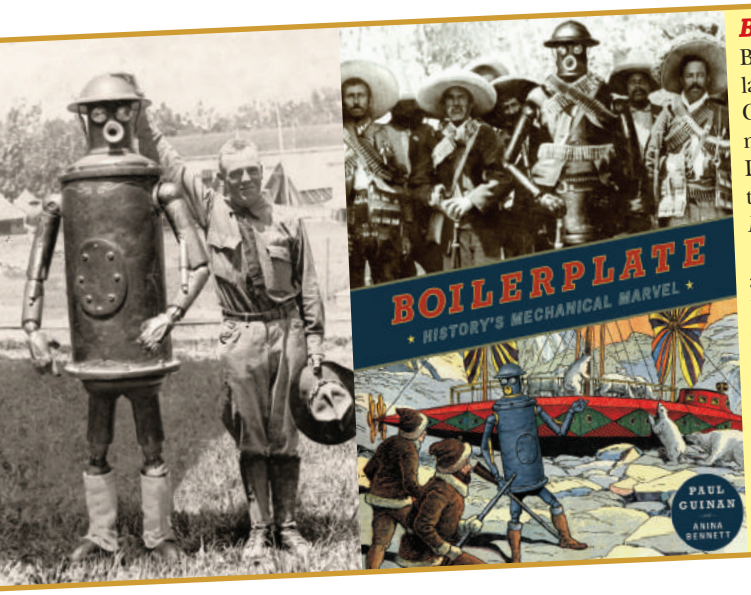
looks good," says Zim Killgore, "but the girls—it just looks sexy on them." The stereotypes of Victorian fashion—high collars, long skirts and heavy layers of clothing—may seem at first to conceal rather than provoke our modern conceptions of lustful temptation, but **BlueBlood.com** and **EroticFandom.com** photographer Amelia G disagrees. "Some things can be sexier when they are taboo," she points out. "If an ankle is naughty to behold, it develops an extra allure."

Many of steampunk's female enthusiasts have become Internet sensations, inspiring obsessed young men to join Facebook fan pages and turn up at places like the Steampunk World's Fair, which was held in Somerset, New Jersey, in May 2011. Lady Clankington thinks much of the steampunk ladies' appeal comes from their energy. "Steampunk girls are always preparing for their next adventure," she says. "They're creative and crafty and not afraid to get their hands dirty." But let's face it, tightly tied waistcoats and bare legs bound in hard-plated sheaths are very tantalizing.

As steampunk women conquer the Internet, the phenomenon is beginning to seep into other avenues of entertainment and communication as well. The television shows *Castle* and *NCIS: Los Angeles* have aired episodes that prominently featured steampunk culture. The punk band Panic! at the Disco produced the video for its hit "The Ballad of Mona Lisa" in steampunk style. Boilerplate, a Web site devoted to a fantasy steampunk robot's 19th-century adventures, became so popular that artist Paul Guinan cocreated an entire book devoted to them. (See *Boilerplate* sidebar.) A steampunk animated feature film, *9*, was released by producer Tim Burton in 2009. In 2010, Google Trends showed almost 4 million references to steampunk on the Web, up from 1 million only three years prior, indicating that much like the steam-powered technology it celebrates, steampunk is generating a lot of heat.

In our contemporary world of faceless Facebook friends, mass-produced culture and financial fraud perpetrated at the stroke of a computer keyboard, the machines are winning. But steampunk provides a way to investigate a time when we were in control of our inventions, when decorum wasn't a novelty and when a lady's sexiness was conveyed by revealing just enough ample bosom, not by the quality of her boob job.

As Thomas D. Willeford observes, "A girl with a huge wrench in her hand, her goggles up, a short skirt to keep it from getting caught in the works, a tool bandolier and grease to her elbows telling you, 'Yes, the engines bloody well *can* handle it, Captain,' can never be anything but sexy."



BOILERPLATE: HISTORY'S MECHANICAL MARVEL

Boilerplate, the world's first robot soldier, "a technological breakthrough that languished in obscurity—until now," was created in 1893 by Professor Archibald Campion to "prevent the deaths of men in the conflicts of nations." The mechanical man's many adventures through history—from fighting alongside Lawrence of Arabia to saving Pancho Villa from imminent disaster to journeying to Antarctica—are documented in Paul Guinan and Anina Bennett's book, *Boilerplate: History's Mechanical Marvel*.

Boilerplate (and Prof. Campion) first appeared on Guinan's Web site in 2000, and the character and his meticulously photographed exploits became an Internet smash—in part because many people actually believed the photos they were seeing were revealing a true, heretofore secret history: Boilerplate fighting in World War I, hobnobbing with writer Mark Twain, appearing wrestling with a bear on the cover of a Jack London novel called *Marvel of the Klondike*.

The coffee table book presents a brilliantly reimagined past in which Boilerplate has been a fixture all along. The photos are seamless and the accompanying text is eloquent. It gives a picture not only of the robot's previously unknown relevance in history but also a painstakingly accurate depiction of the wars, politics and culture of the first half of the 20th century. —T.L.T.

"Now, my advice is to give the prince a blowjob, don't swallow, spit some on your dress—giving you his DNA—then accuse him of rape and sue the prick for all he's got!"

BY MATT HOGE

CAMILLE CRIMSON

Orally Fixated

A COMPUTER GEEK FINDS A NEW CALLING: SHARING HER SEX LIFE WITH STRANGERS ON THE WEB.

PHOTOS BY MIKE FLIRT/COURTESY OF THEARTOFBLOWJOB.COM

Camille Crimson has an interesting gig. For the past five years the Canadian redhead's full-time job has involved sucking her boyfriend's cock. Camille and her partner of 16 years—who goes by Mike Flirt—document their adventures in fellatio, then post the resulting still photos and videos on Camille's appropriately titled Internet site: **TheArtOfBlowjob.com**.

Prior to launching the site, Camille worked on coding and Web design projects to earn a buck. Her life changed once she and Mike—who'd studied fine art and photography—decided to film their sexual encounters. "We didn't start shooting until a decade into our relationship," Camille explains, "so we had a lot of time to realize that it was something we wanted to do."

After first engaging in a variety of hard-core action, the pair settled on one proclivity. "Blowjobs are extremely popular but rarely done with the respect they deserve," Camille candidly notes.

Camille and Mike collaborate closely to create the unique images that appear on her Web site. Careful attention is paid to lighting and composition. The couple's goal is to not only produce something beautiful but also capture the genuine intimacy that they share. Aesthetically speaking, Camille and Mike draw inspiration from a handful of prominent filmmakers, most notably Jean-Pierre Jeunet (*Améile*, *Delicatessen*) and David Fincher (*Fight Club*).

Camille's fan base extends around the world; half of the messages she receives require translation. It's not all dudes either. "We have a surprising number of single women who use the site for porn and education," Camille points out.

"Obviously I've got countless little tips and tricks," Camille responds when asked what advice she'd give women seeking to improve their oral skills. "The most important things are communication, creativity and passion. If you're phoning it in and not really into it, it's a big turn-off. Find a way to be connected and in the moment."

Without a doubt, Camille Crimson loves her line of work, but she's not all about the blowjob. The uninhibited entrepreneur has a range of other interests, from cooking to motorcycle riding to watching such television shows as *Battlestar Gallactica* and *Star Trek*. Yup, she's got some geek appeal. "I'm a Mac evangelist, and I'm still an avid coder," the computer-savvy 36-year-old remarks. "I'm a bit of a gamer too, especially stuff like *StarCraft II* and the *Assassins' Creed* games."

The appeal of Camille's erotic endeavor stems from a unique combination of artistic ambition and honest sensuality. Camille and Mike aren't faking anything; that's what makes her Web site voyeuristically fascinating. To see Camille getting down to business, visit **TheArtOfBlowjob.com**.

Royal rockers: *(left to right) Black Country Communion's Glenn Hughes, Joe Bonamassa, Derek Sherinian and Jason Bonham.*

PHOTO BY CHRISTIE GOODWIN

GLENN HUGHES
COMMUNION OF ROCK

Singer/bassist Glenn Hughes has seen it all. He rocked through the 1970s as part of Trapeze and Deep Purple. In the '80s he was Black Sabbath's lead singer and was the "Voice of Rock" on KLF's international hit of the same name. Recently he teamed up with Jason Bonham, Joe Bonamassa and Derek Sherinian to form the brilliant rock supergroup Black Country Communion. Glenn Hughes is the man! We caught up with Glenn while he was on the road with BCC to discuss the return of real rock, Indonesian prisons, being mistaken for the leather guy from the Village People and helicopter groupies.

HUSTLER: How did Black Country Communion come about?

GLENN HUGHES: I wanted to make a record and form a band for the demographic I came from. I was in Deep Purple and played with Black Sabbath—all these iconic rock bands, two of the biggest bands in the world. I wanted to reach that audience because Zeppelin's not around anymore. Sabbath isn't playing. Deep Purple is not the band it used to be. I wanted to make records for people who enjoy that type of music. Lo and behold, that's what we do.

Joe and I had been secretly plotting this band a while. We met five years ago at the NAMM Show. We started to hang out and write together. We became really good friends. We did a gig, just the two of us, and producer Kevin Shirley—who has produced Black Crowes—was in the audience. He came rushing backstage and said, "Let's make this into a royal, big rock band. Let's get Jason Bonham and Derek Sherinian and go for it."

Bonamassa was a blues guitarist. Was it hard for him to switch to rock?

Here's the kicker: Joe was weaned at four, five, maybe seven years old, on [Deep] Purple, Zeppelin, the Who, Humble Pie, Free and Yes. Those were his six iconic bands before he discovered B.B. King and hit the blues. It's in Joe's DNA to rock. I'm a firm believer in fate and karma mumbo-jumbo—whatever you want to call it. This band was supposed to happen. Some things are just meant to be. Joe is the only guy who has crossed into rock from blues since Jimmy Page.

Did you really record BCC's debut album in less than a week?

It was four days. On the second one [*2*] we had the luxury of having ten days to record. I write most of the songs, so when I go into the studio, I go over the song with them once. Kevin pressed the red light, and what you hear on the record is probably the first or second take of the song. That is why it's so fresh and a little bit dangerous. Very raw. All the solos played live. No smoke and mirrors. No processed sounds. Pure rock 'n' roll.

Is it hard to put out a real rock record in a time of ringtones and rap?

No. Never. This is supposed to be fun, but this band is life and death to me. I am the ringleader of this circus, writer of the songs. This band is my baby. I want to run with it as fast as I can and take it to the summit. Hence the two albums in a year. We'll be putting out a live DVD, and then in late 2012 we'll record album three.

Having known Led Zeppelin drummer John Bonham, is it weird for you to look back and see his son playing drums?

THE DIRTY

12 NEW DISCS YOU NEED

THE COOL KIDS
When Fish Ride Bicycles

Remember the first time you heard Tribe Called Quest, N.W.A. or De La Soul? You knew that you had discovered something exciting and completely original. The same holds true for the long-awaited debut CD from the Cool Kids. The dope duo is reinventing hip-hip with groundbreaking grooves, smooth flows and a collection of A-list guests.

DOLLY PARTON
Better Day

Now almost 66, the queen of country kitsch shows no signs of slowing down on her charming new disc of originals. All of Dolly's talents (insert boob joke here) are on display with solid songwriting ("Country Is as Country Does") and eternally hopeful singing ("Let Love Grow" and "Shine Like the Sun").

LIAM FINN
FOMO

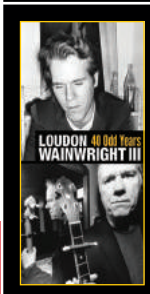
The son of Neil Finn (Split Enz/Crowded House) and nephew of Tim Finn (Crowded House) was born to create music. For his second solo outing, Liam Finn decided to lock himself in a secluded beach cabin studio away from the world. The result, *FOMO* (an acronym for Fear of Missing Out), is a beautiful (and paranoid) trip through isolation and longing.

LINDSEY BUCKINGHAM
Seeds We Sow

Everyone knows that Lindsey Buckingham is a legendary singer and songwriter from his time in Fleetwood Mac. But what is often overlooked is his brilliance as a world-class musician. The man is one helluva guitar player. Buckingham's latest solo CD perfectly balances his strengths as a lyricist and axman.

GAVIN FRIDAY
Catholic

Bono's best friend, Gavin Friday, has spent the bulk of his days making deeply layered and emotional movie music. No shock, then, that Friday's first pop album in almost two decades is full of stunning soundscapes and a lyrical depth missing in most rock efforts these days.

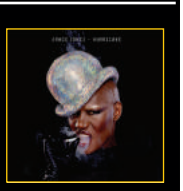


LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III
***40 Odd Years* (Box Set)**

Folk is a scary term, folks. It usually describes outdated protest songs performed by a humorless aging guy sitting on a stool and playing acoustic guitar. Not the case with Loudon Wainwright III, who is known for his brilliantly crafted, witty folk gems. This comprehensive five-disc box set looks at almost a half century's worth of the man and his music.

DOZEN

GRACE JONES
Hurricane



The androgynous queen of the dance floor returns with an undeniably cool CD. Finally released in America, *Hurricane* showcases the never easily defined artist as she effortlessly touches on a variety of styles ranging from the reggae-tinged "This Is" to the dance groove "Corporate Cannibal."

MATERIAL ISSUE
International Pop Overthrow—20th Anniversary Edition

Twenty years after Material Issue blasted out of alternative radio with the hit "Valerie Loves Me," its breakthrough power-pop album gets more than remastered. A bonus disc features rare unreleased gems, including live tracks, demos, covers and outtakes.

OWL CITY
All Things Bright and Beautiful

The one-man band behind the hopelessly infectious hit "Fireflies" returns with another solid CD packed with feel-good, light and airy, thought-inducing pop. Owl City's aptly titled new CD is as bright as it is beautiful thanks to lush and happy songs with a clever twist.

THE HEAD
Hang On

This Atlanta trio plays a solid mix of jangly guitar-driven melodies and heavy tunes with catchy hooks so good, you may find yourself singing along on just the first listen. Without sounding retro, the Head carry on the fine pop tradition set by bands like the Raspberries and Big Star.

WENDY & LISA
Snapshots

Former Prince bandmates turned master soundtrack composers clean out their closet for a six-song sample of unreleased treasures. *Snapshots* showcases what they do best—funk-flavored rock tracks and deeply emotional, heartfelt ballads in perfect harmony. A companion photo book is also available exclusively at **WendyAndLisa.com**.

THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS
Join Us

John Flansburgh and John Linnell took a break from churning out smart and quirky kids CDs to release this smart and quirky (and somewhat dark) new album. After an unbelievable 25 years together, the kings of smarmy and snappy three-minute songs don't disappoint. Highlights include "When Will You Die" and "Judy Is Your Viet Nam."

No, man. I met John in 1970. Jason used to sit on my lap when he was four. I saw John tutor his son. Make no mistake: I was supposed to be playing with my best friend's kid. John would be very proud of his son on these records.

Let's talk about your past. How did you join Deep Purple?

Funny enough, they saw me at The Whisky [L.A. club] playing with my band Trapeze in 1972. Ritchie Blackmore, Ian Paice and Jon Lord were each individually at the shows on one of those weekend nights. A few months later they came to one of my shows together. I was only 20, and I figured they were just checking my band out, as people did in those days.

Lo and behold they flew me to New York a few months later to see them play Madison Square Garden and asked me if I wanted to join Deep Purple. I thought they were asking me to be the singer. They said, "No. We want you to play bass."

I said, "And sing, right?"

They said, "No, we want to get Paul Rodgers from Free to sing."

I thought, *Wow! I love Paul Rodgers.* In my mind, as a 20-year-old, I thought I would actually like to sing with him and see how our voices blended together. He ended up starting Bad Company. I joined Deep Purple anyway. But I said I wouldn't join just to sing the oohs and ahs. We auditioned David Coverdale [Whitesnake], and he got the lead singer gig four months later.

What do you remember most about your time in Deep Purple?

Each member of the band had his own limo. Each member had a roadie who had a roadie who had a roadie. That grandiosity and pomposity, the larger-than-life scale—it was basically pirates running around the world doing whatever we wanted to do. We did it all, man!

For me it was a period of greatness but also a period of what not to do when you are 21 years old and become very famous and wealthy. You get all these things thrown at you—women, drugs, booze. It was a wild ride. Three years. Three consecutive tours, three records, one of them live. There was a lot of partying, a lot of tears, a lot of joy. A lot of death.

Death?!

There is a very famous story of how my bodyguard and I were drinking in my room one night with another bodyguard, and a fight broke out over a gal. The next morning I was woken up by the police because one of the guys had been found dead at the bottom of an elevator shaft. We were in Jakarta, Indonesia. I was thrown in jail with my stage clothes on. They let me out to play the show that night and then put me back in jail. Very *Midnight Express.* It was horrible.

Had one bodyguard killed the other one?

No, bro'. What happened was, it was a setup. There was always a party going on in my suite. The two bodyguards were there most of the time. They had gotten into a fracas with a couple of—let's call them ladies of the evening. We felt they were planted. Those two bodyguards were the best of friends. They were professional bodyguards. For them to have a fight was unheard of.

One guy hit the other guy. He left the room and *allegedly* some roughnecks found my guy and threw him down the elevator. Then I was held responsible. The only reason [the Indonesian authorities] let me out of jail was we paid them money. We played two shows to 100,000 people each night. The money was immense. Myself, my assistant and the one bodyguard were all in jail. The guy who let us out was an Idi Amin police chief running around pointing a gun at us like eenie, meenie, miney, mo. I was shitting myself. In the 11th hour they just let us go when we paid the dough we made on the concerts back. It was all a setup.

Any good groupie stories?

There was an incident at the California Jam concert where we each had a helicopter. After the gig, as I was leaving the stage, a woman police officer came up and handcuffed me. She said, "We have to go now, and I have to take you somewhere." She then got in the helicopter with me. Now mind you, I was pretty stoned back then. I got in the helicopter, and as we took off, she performed oral sex on me. Turns out she wasn't really a cop.

Have you ever been confused with the Village People's Glenn Hughes?

Ten, 15, maybe 20 years ago I'm getting royalty checks that seemed odd. I thought, *That ain't much money. These can't be for me.* So I sent them back to my publisher, and they sorted it out. When the other Glenn Hughes died in 2001, my Web site got tons of hits. One of the supermarket rag magazines ran a photo of me next to a headline that read, "Glenn Hughes from the Village People was buried in his favorite leather chaps." He was the leather guy with the big mustache and beard. If you look at the pictures, he's obviously not me.

What do you want to be remembered for?

You know, brother, the press and the European fans call me the "Voice of Rock" from that KLF single, which was a hit in 16 countries. I can't sit here and call myself that. Everybody has something. [Black Sabbath's] Tony Iommi is the "Godfather of Metal," Michael Jackson was the "King of Pop," and James Brown was the "Godfather of Soul." What I would like to be remembered for is being a pioneer of funk rock from a white point of view. Being called the "Voice of Rock" is the greatest compliment that you can receive as a singer.

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

311 VIBES & TRIBES

For more than two decades Omaha, Nebraska's favorite sons have been delivering platinum album after album of funky ska-tinged alternative rock and playing energy-charged, sold-out shows around the world. We sat down with 311's lead singer, Nick Hexum, to discuss the band's secret to longevity, its brand-new music festival, latest chill CD titled *Universal Pulse* and a very peculiar groupie.

HUSTLER: How have you kept 311's original lineup intact for 21 years?

NICK HEXUM: I think you have to value the opinions of others. A lot of bands fall apart because one or two members think they don't really need the input of other members. We keep it a democracy. Listening and good communication. It's kind of like a marriage in a lot of ways. You also have to be ready to not get your way a lot.

Have you or your sidekicks ever considered going solo?

We always said, "Let's not break up; let's take time off." In the summer of 1998 we didn't tour because we were so burnt out after things blew up big in 1996 and 1997. We had to take a little break and not see each other for a while. Since then we've adjusted how we tour. We don't all travel on the same bus so we don't have to be on top of each other the whole time.

Do you see 311 going on for another 21 years?

On *Universal Pulse* we were feeling very retrospective about our career. There's a song called "And a Ways to Go" that talks about "a million miles and a ways to go." Look how far we've come but look how far we have yet to go. It makes us grateful for what a long, strange trip it's been. We'll keep going until the wheels fall off. I think in music not a lot of people choose to stop doing it. They stop because they can't do it anymore. I imagine we'll keep going for quite a while. But the live shows will continue to evolve. Right now it's pretty physical with a lot of jumping. When I'm 64, that probably won't happen. (*Laughs.*)

How did you develop that distinctive 311 sound?

There are a few distinct elements that are associated with us. For the guitar tone we use certain guitar pedals, including the distinct T-wah pedal like Jerry Garcia used. The snare sound is really unique and so are the vocal harmonies. The sound just evolved through our tastes.

It's funny because when we were starting out, people didn't appreciate the uniqueness of the sound. They used to say, "You guys are cool; you sound like the Red Hot Chili Peppers." Not at all. After a while people started to see the difference. It's like if you don't listen to dance-hall reggae, you may think it all sounds alike. But if you get into it, you start to learn all these subgenres within.

***Universal Pulse* has a very relaxed vibe.**

We kind of bucked the trend where everyone is going more digital and compressed. We went for a natural vibe where you can really hear the musicianship. The feel comes from confidence that we've hit our stride as a band. We know we don't have to worry about having a hit single, because our fan base is so strong. We are relaxed and at peace with ourselves, and it comes across in the music.

What was the recording process like?

It was our second record with producer Bob Rock. He really added a fresh perspective and made a lot of suggestions on the road map of the song. But he didn't need to be there every day. We did the vocals and overdubbing the guitars ourselves. Bob was there for the preproduction and to help us get the drum sound, but then he would leave and work on other projects. When he came back, he would listen to what we had done on our own. *Universal Pulse* is our tenth album; we know a thing or two about recording.

Why not produce the album yourself?

You need the producer as a referee—a final arbitrator who doesn't have a vested interest because he wrote something. We could do an album without a producer, but it makes it more harmonious to have a tiebreaker there.

Where did the CD title come from?

We agonized over the title. We seriously had ten band meetings where we said, "Okay, we cannot leave this room until we come up with a title." It went back and forth. Ultimately it came from a lyric on the album where SA [Doug Martinez] said, "Universal heart pulse." I said, "It's a little wordy—just drop the *heart*." To me it speaks to what our band is about, which is unity through music. That universal pulse, that energy that is running through all of us. It's the spiritual side of us. We're all about bringing people together.

Besides releasing ten great albums, 311 now has a music festival.

The Pow Wow. Yeah. I love the title of it because it speaks to how our shows are huge gatherings. It's not only about the concert itself but also the scene with the tailgating. They're kind of like tribal gatherings or like a [Grateful] Dead show even though our music doesn't sound like them. It's a similar movement. Our festival, out in the Florida panhandle, had lots of great bands that were fun to see live, including the Deftones, Dirty Heads, Sublime with Rome and G. Love. It was like 311-palooza.

We were looking for the opportunity to do our own festival, and this was perfect. The Pow Wow was like our first [Caribbean] cruise, which was packed with people going crazy. The energy on the boat was nuts. We think rock 'n' roll tourism is here to stay. People want to go to shows, but they also want a special experience.

Any crazy groupie stories?

I'll give you a brief answer. There was one girl who was known as "The Drumstick Chick." You'll have to use your imagination to know what that meant. ■

DVD DISTRACTIONS

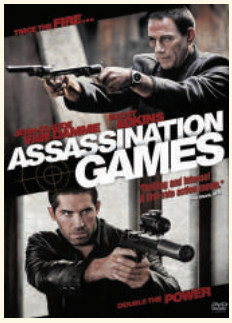
BY TAYLOR DAVID

The perfect way to help you stop thinking about who your wife or girlfriend is screwing on the side.

BAD TEACHER

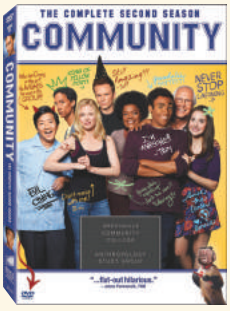
This raunchy comedy stars superhot Cameron Diaz as Elizabeth Halsey, a foul-mouthed, wildly inappropriate junior high school teacher with a penchant for saying or doing whatever is on her mind. When Elizabeth isn't smoking pot and nodding off during her classes, she's preoccupied with finding a rich sugar daddy to support her exuberant lifestyle. In a vain attempt to win over a wealthy substitute teacher named Scott Delacorte (Justin Timberlake), she stops at nothing to finance a boob job, even stealing charity car wash money and rigging standardized tests. Fans of politically incorrect humor are sure to enjoy *Bad Teacher.*

ASSASSINATION GAMES



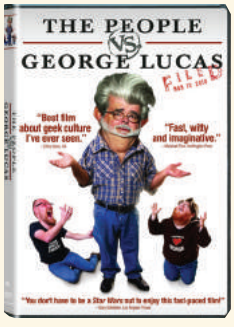
Bodies hit the floor in this pulse-pounding thriller that revolves around the unlikely alliance of two rival assassins. Action star Jean-Claude Van Damme gets top billing as Vincent Brazil, a ruthless, knife-brandishing contract killer. Assigned to hunt down the leader of a drug cartel, Brazil eventually crosses paths with Roland Flint (Scott Adkins), a sharp-shooting ex-hitman whose girlfriend was brutally attacked by the aforementioned drug kingpin. With goons and crooked Interpol agents hot on their tail, the deadly duo proceed to track their elusive target. Jam-packed with action, suspense and carnage, *Assassination Games* will keep you gripped to your seat.

COMMUNITY: THE COMPLETE SECOND SEASON



School is back in session at Greendale Community College. Boasting a quick-witted ensemble cast led by Joel McHale and Chevy Chase (as a senior citizen student), this sharp and funny series pokes fun at the conflicts and doldrums of everyday life at a junior college. You get plenty of big laughs and an abundance of hilarious bonus features.

THE PEOPLE VS. GEORGE LUCAS



This entertaining documentary explores the cultural phenomenon and subsequent fanaticism surrounding George Lucas's massively popular sci-fi franchise, *Star Wars*. In particular, it scrutinizes the debate over the critically maligned prequel series and the mastermind's unpopular decision to reedit the original trilogy. In addition to *Star Wars* diehards passionately voicing their opinions about Lucas's evolution (or devolution) as a filmmaker, this humorous and heartfelt movie features celebrity interviews, scene re-creations and other related material. *The People vs. George Lucas* is an enjoyable watch for even the non-*Star Wars* fan.

THE CLEVELAND SHOW: SEASON 2

The second go-round of Seth MacFarlane's *Family Guy* spinoff is now available on DVD. Laugh-inducing antics ensue as Cleveland Brown, everyone's favorite soft-spoken African-American neighbor, settles into married life with his high school sweetheart, her two unruly kids from a previous marriage and his insecure son. Blending *Family Guy* humor and character-driven stories, *The Cleveland Show* presents the Brown household's hysterical follies with an assortment of locals, including a family of inane rednecks and a pack of talking bears. This release includes all 22 episodes of Season 2 and a myriad of uncensored bonus features.

ANYTHING FOR LOVE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

SADIE WEST

Trudy (Sadie West) was sitting at home, absentmindedly polishing her dildo collection, when the telephone rang. It was her agent, wondering if Trudy was available for an audition in Beverly Hills later that day.

"Of course!" the struggling actress chirped. Trudy was desperate for cash. The rent was due, and she owed $500 to a pet therapist. Trudy's wombat had been exceedingly morose lately. The critter had perked up after one session, but Dr. Grant's fees were exorbitant.

When Trudy arrived at the sprawling mansion where the audition was to take place, she was surprisingly greeted by Dr. Grant (Otto Bauer). The audition was a ruse. "I know you can't afford to pay me in cash," Dr. Grant muttered as he walked the babe out back to the stripper pole. "So I thought I'd arrange another way for you to settle your debt."

Trudy took the hint. Before Dr. Grant could say another word, she stripped down. Things heated up swiftly, and before long Trudy and the good doctor were engaged in some heavy-duty boning. Afterward, as Trudy was gathering up her clothing, the pet therapist finally spoke. "That was wonderful, but I fear you might have misunderstood me," he remarked.

"What did I do wrong?" Trudy wondered.

"To be honest," Dr. Grant replied, "all I wanted was a blowjob from your wombat."

If these pictures left you jonesing for more Sadie West, seek out *HUSTLER's Untrue Hollywood Stories: Angelina vs. Jennifer* and *Porn Stars Love Facials*. Both are available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit **HustlerHollywood.com** or go to page 124 to order by mail.

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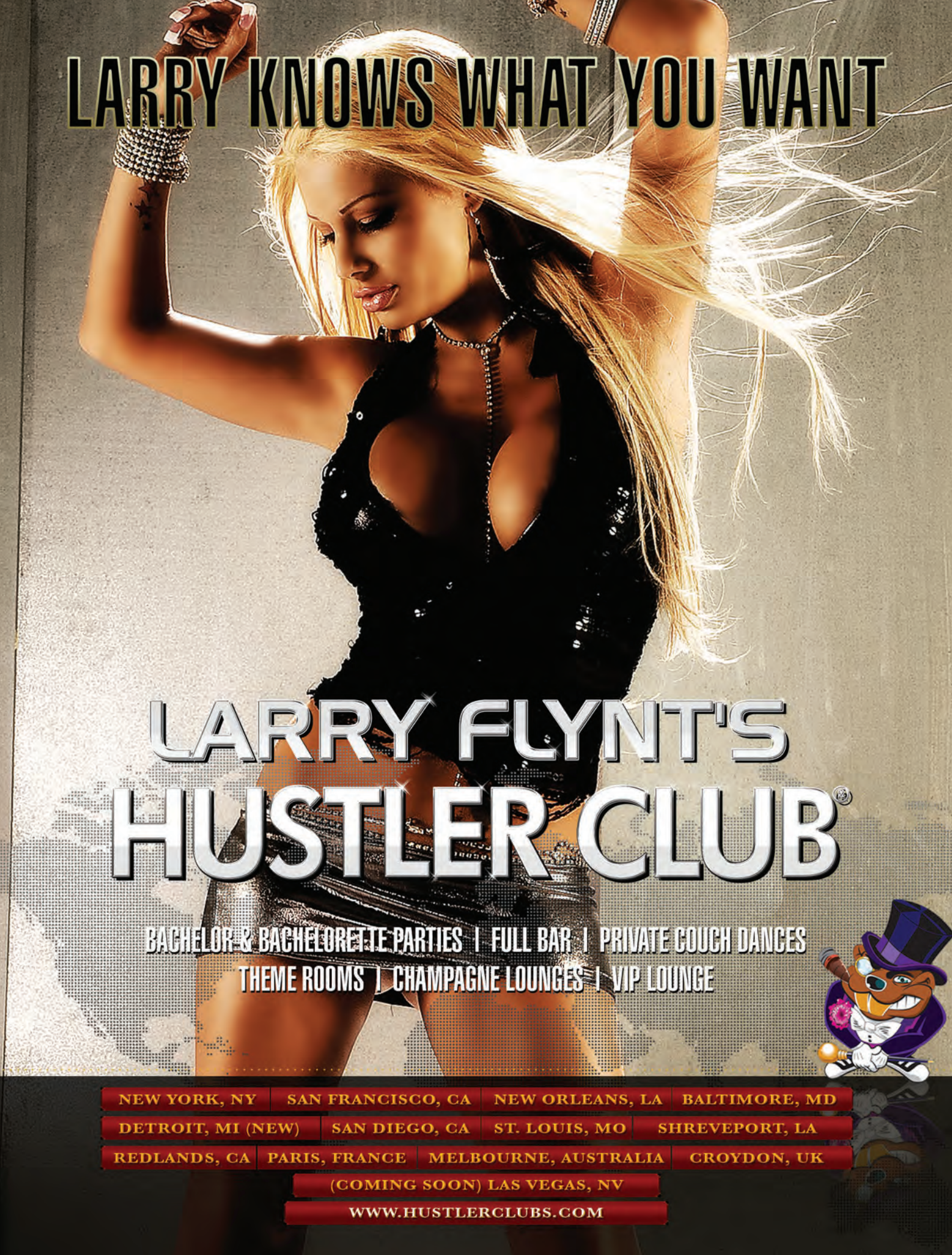
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BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

*Asphyxia Noir, Brandy Aniston and Missy Maze (bottom) tame the **Barbarian.***

This Ain't Conan the Barbarian XXX

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: STUART CANTERBURY. STARRING: JAZY BERLIN, JAYDEN COLE, ASPHYXIA NOIR, BRANDY ANISTON, MISSY MAZE, LEE STONE, TOMMY GUNN & SEAN MICHAELS.

It's the primal man-dream: You lop off heads without consequence, inseminate any wench you find and never have to wear a shirt. Sure, it's hard to be agile with those topless bombshells clinging to your musclebound thighs, but a barbarian never complains. This spoof of the '80s epic, timed to cash in on 2011's crappy remake, achieves the impossible: It's even trashier than the Hollywood versions! Lee Stone—the Schwarzenegger of porn—plays the sword-wielding meathead with an admirably wooden delivery, especially when he meets up with Jazy Berlin. She leads a fuck-worthy cast of scantily clad maidens and harlots with Hyborian morals. You will howl: "I was born 5,000 years too late!" The production values have a good comic-book style, the performers are at least trying, and—wonder of wonders—it's funny (in places). The fuck scenes are a little too civilized, honestly, but if this flick were historically accurate, it would be illegal. Do the heroic thing and order it on page 124. ***—M.J.***

*Fuck HR: Jasmine Webb, Stacey Saran and Cindy Behr (bottom) redefine the **Office** job.*

Office Perks

BLUEBIRD FILMS. DIRECTOR: MAX COOL. STARRING: KERRY LOUISE, SASHA ROSE, CINDY BEHR, JASMINE WEBB, EMMA BUTT, STACEY SARAN, KIT LEE, KAT LEE, PAUL CHAPLIN, TONY JAMES & CLARKE KENT.

If your New Year's resolution isn't to bang the next hot temp that shows up at your office, it should be. Consider this U.K. import a handy how-to guide. Temps and interns—especially the ones with big racks and tight skirts—are always trying to distract from the fact that they don't have a clue. This is where you come in: Nothing diverts attention from incompetence like a good blowjob and a dripping twat. (Don't worry about the cum stains on that report. No one's going to read it anyway.) Temps also need to have things explained *very carefully*, such as how zippers work and what a desk is for. This little management seminar covers all that, with the help of some stacked visual aids. Highlights include Jasmine Webb and Emma Butt showing commendable teamwork, the Lee twins pulling double duty and enough bulging British boobs to make Benny Hill explode. Office work has already fried your brain; don't let it kill your cock too. ***—M.J.***

***Spider** web: Brooklyn Lee, Sarah Shevon and Tara Lynn Foxx (bottom) get sticky.*

Spider-Man XXX

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: CAPRI ANDERSON, BROOKLYN LEE, SARAH SHEVON, ASH HOLLYWOOD, TARA LYNN FOXX, XANDER CORVUS, DICK DELAWARE, SETH DICKENS & TYLER KNIGHT.

Where is the superhero who will save us from the onslaught of superhero parodies? Coming from the team that made the entertaining *Batman XXX*, this new piece of sacrilege is above-average for the genre, with some nifty special effects and ridiculous feats of endurance. (How long would *you* be able to keep a stiffy hanging upside-down?) Office girl Sarah Shevon warms up the action, trashy blonde Tara Lynn Fox ups the voltage, Ash Hollywood sluts it up as Gwen, and Capri Anderson shows some fine oral talents as Spidey's fuck bunny, Mary Jane. As for the acting, well, just remember that this is a porn parody of a comic-book franchise. In other words, drop your expectations along with your pants. Dick Delaware deserves a hand, though, for hamming it up as the zap-happy Electro. And Brooklyn Lee finally settles that age-old fanboy debate: Yes, the Black Widow takes it in the ass. Best superheroine ever!

—M.J.

*Sarah Shevon, Leilani Leanne and Chastity Lynn (bottom) stay **Racially Motivated**.*

Racially Motivated #3

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: MIKE JOHN. STARRING: SARAH SHEVON, LEILANI LEANNE, CHASTITY LYNN, VANESSA MONET, KATIE ST. IVES, MR. MARCUS, ERIK EVERHARD, SEAN MICHAELS & MIKE JOHN.

This is one of the better gonzo series out there, and it's still working hard to heal America's assinine racial split. Cute Caucasian Sarah Shevon wastes no time at all puckering her anus in preparation for the black blood sausage Mr. Marcus carries around. The next scene flips that racial script, with doll-faced Afrobabe Leilani Leanne doing the white snake moan. Chastity Lynn fearlessly tackles a pole that perpetuates all those black-man clichés, followed by knockout sister Vanessa Monet giving the camera dude a POV power fuck. Katie St. Ives climaxes the movie like a martyr, taking a charcoal cock deep enough to stir up her breakfast. This movie isn't elegant or funny; it's got more important things to do—fix the world and get big things into tight places. If you ever feel a racist twinge, you need to watch this movie and work that shit out. Your racism is nothing more than a warped hunger for those exotic ladies you weren't allowed to love. Admit it, get laid right, and you'll feel much better. ***—M.J.***

*Suck-ups: **Pet**s Gracie Glam and Ash Hollywood boost their grades.*

Teacher's Pet

WICKED PICTURES. DIRECTOR: STORMY DANIELS. STARRING: GRACIE GLAM, ALEKTRA BLUE, ASH HOLLYWOOD, INDIA SUMMER, BRENDON MILLER, DANE CROSS, MICHAEL VEGAS, SETH GAMBLE & TONY DE SERGIO.

This little feel-good picture starts with a dead girl in a body bag. But don't worry, things liven up fast with femme fatale Gracie Glam sparking dorm rivalries over a classroom crush. Director Stormy Daniels elevates her standard smut premise into thriller territory, and Glam, who digs into her lead role nicely, is worth your study time. As for the other student bodies, you would have fucked every one of them in college—stone cold sober. We'll give Alektra Blue extra credit for getting shoved down the stairs after being splattered with cum (that's going to raise questions). Bleach-blond moaner Ash Hollywood gets a 4.0 for reminding us of that college bunny we'd like to go back in time to impregnate just once more. But top honors go to the wicked Ms. Glam, who proves that men are suckers for a hot piece of ass that secretly wants to kill them. That's Behavioral Science 101, guys. If you had paid attention in class, maybe you wouldn't have gotten your balls chopped off. ***—M.J.***

***Skin** flick: Havana Ginger, Marie Luv and Jada Fire (bottom) get paid.*

Superstar Brown Skin Beauties

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: VARIOUS. STARRING: BELLA MORETTI, MISTY STONE, JADA FIRE, MARIE LUV, HAVANA GINGER, ALEXIS LOVE, CARLO CARRERA, JAY LASSITER, TYLER KNIGHT, VAN DAMAGE & TALON.

This stroker's treasure chest is a compilation, so some of this fuckage may look familiar, but it gives us the perfect excuse to get more, well, brown skin beauties into the mag. Yes, blacks are a minority, but that just makes them more precious, don't it? Misty Stone and Bella Moretti prove that the answer to that is a big, fucking *yes* in their threeway from HUSTLER's Oprah parody. The pretty pair set the bar high, but the disc just gets better. Any scene with Jada Fire, even a subpar one, will scorch your player. Marie Luv and Havana Ginger's fuckable black holes will suck in your attention and let nothing escape. (Ask Stephen Hawking what that means.) And Latina fantasy girl Alexis Love will help you confuse alienated masturbation with her last name. If that doesn't sell you, you're not sellable. Order it anyway on page 124. ***—M.J.***

HUSTLER PERSONALS

Stop wasting time and cash in bars

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We've found really great, cute girls who just want the same thing you do...
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REAL GIRLS NOW
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COME INSIDE
Its time to make things Personal.

THIS AIN'T ESPN XXX

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

A recent book about ESPN caused a major stir, revealing plenty of embarrassing behind-the-scenes details about life at the world-famous sports network. Unfortunately, that tell-all tome didn't deliver any real hardcore action. So, once again, HUSTLER Video has come to the rescue with its latest parody, *This Ain't ESPN XXX*.

Sexual tension between anchors Sara (Britney Amber) and John (Rocco Reed) gets so intense that the nightly sports report rapidly transforms into an all-out fuckfest. Our Erin Andrews doppelgänger (Alanah Rae) puts her aggressive interviewing techniques on display with a top pro football player (Lee Stone). It doesn't take long for Erin to get to the heart of the story: Man, does this chick love cock!

With the NBA lockout threatening to cancel the upcoming season, American hoops stars are being forced to play overseas. Thankfully, one top roundballer (Jack Napier) has little trouble recruiting the first European slut (Mckenzie Lee) into his fan club.

ESPN is the go-to channel if you're searching for scores and highlights. But if you'd prefer a healthy dose of sucking and fucking to accompany your sports coverage, we recommend seeking out *This Ain't ESPN XXX*.

This Ain't ESPN XXX is available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit **HustlerHollywood.com** or go to page 124 to order by mail.

BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

"I think my vagina and booty can take me very far in life."

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

BRITTANY S.

"Customer service is my thing!" bellows Brittany S., 19, who works at a Las Vegas fast-food eatery and is thrilled to be a tantalizing item on our menu. "I really love my body and am comfortable showing it off," the 5-foot-9 newbie adds. "But I'm not a flake. I am dedicated when it comes to modeling." Not to mention very informative. "I'm funny, crazy, lovable, cheerful and kindhearted," Brittany spells out. "While watching TV, I love to cuddle. Don't matter if it's a platonic friend or a lover, we'll be two peas in a pod." The legal teen is into reality shows, *SpongeBob SquarePants* and *Tosh.0*—as well as yoga, exercising, gardening, shopping and washing clothes—but her fave pastime is taking 'em off and getting it on. "Giving satisfaction to a guy or girl is always my biggest pleasure," purrs the Drake, Rihanna, Paramore and Dallas Cowboys fan. "I am very aggressive and passionate. I love sucking dick and riding a dude, making him scream and moan while his penis is deep inside me!" Brittany—who's been "86'd for having sex at malls, playgrounds and public pools" and who'd dig "fucking in a library to see if I have the balls to keep quiet"—is a full-service jezebel to boot. "Anal feels *real* good," the ravenous Nevadan avows. "I wanna use every hole God gave me!" Now *that's* a dedicated paramour. —Photos by Friend

NIKKI

"I have always been an exhibitionist, and nude modeling has been a great way to satisfy that urge," says Nikki, 35, a "funny, sweet and very giving" secretary out of Tunnel Hill, Georgia. "Plus I'm proud to be a mother of two kids and still have a hot body. Guys tell me I'm a MILF." With a lot on her plate! "My interests are Georgia Bulldogs football, video games, shopping, throwing darts, shooting pool, *Married…With Children*, *Robot Chicken*, Def Leppard, Metallica and some country music," the 5-foot-3 Dixie chick rattles off. "And I'm a great soon-to-be wife. I can't wait for my man to get home so I can cook him dinner and bang the living daylights out of him. I love sex—me on top, doggy-style or up against a wall." Nikki, who sometimes masturbates with a vibrator "when my sweetie isn't at home," shares her most brazen fantasy: "I want to have sex on a pool table." —Photos by Fiancé

"I love to get down and dirty whenever possible."

CHAYENNE

This restaurant hostess hails from a red state, adores the punk band Green Day, enjoys reading and has some monumental things to say. "I consider myself bouncy, talkative and occasionally annoying," proclaims Kalispell, Montana's Chayenne, 23, who's also gung-ho about being displayed here. "I want all the men and women in the world to see me naked," the 5-foot-6 newcomer makes crystal clear. But being an exhibitionist is just one of her virtues. "I'm a passive bisexual and a great wife," Chayenne reveals. "I let my husband sleep with me or any other girl. We have an open relationship. I love threesomes, I love when someone eats my pussy and fingers my asshole at the same time, and I love doggy-style fucking as long as it's anal entry. It feels really good having a dick in my tight ass." Asked to dish out a fantasy, Chayenne huffs, "I've done them all, so I don't have any at present. When I think up one, I do it right away." But passive Chayenne relents: "Okay, I'd love to have sex during halftime at a Super Bowl." —Photos by Friend

SHELBIE LYNN

"I waited four years to do nude modeling," declares this "outgoing" house cleaner from Eastlake, Ohio, who rushed over to a pal's photo studio the day after her 18th birthday to head our way. "It was my dream, and now I've fulfilled it. My boyfriend and family are very proud, and they're 100% behind me." It's no surprise that Shelbie Lynn is quite upfront. "My favorite pastimes are social networking, shopping, tanning, watching TV with my significant other and sex," discloses the 4-foot-11 tyro, whose extensive viewing list includes *Family Guy*, *Sanford and Son*, *King of the Hill*, *True Blood*, *All in the Family* and *1000 Ways to Die*. "I am straight, seductive and into switching things up. I really like foreplay and being held down or tickled and teased. My favorite positions are cowgirl, doggy-style, missionary, downstroke (both legs on the guy's shoulders) and pirate's bounty (one leg over his shoulder and the other one off to the side)." It seems Shelbie Lynn, who also enjoys diddling and will endure anal if requested, is well on her way to finding a thousand ways to sigh. No wonder the fan of AC/DC, Rascal Flatts, Lil Wayne, Pink and Flogging Molly pipes, "I really don't have any sexual fantasies. I just go with it." —Photos by DavidKPhoto.com

ANASTASIA

"I am a very caring person," announces Anastasia, 25, a nurse's aide from Princeville, Hawaii. "I can be pretty adventurous too," the 5-foot-0 single gal asserts. "I like trying new things, and letting a guy I'd just met take naked pictures of me seemed hard to pass up." Providing further insight, Anastasia divulges, "My hobbies are partying, dancing, reading, fishing and running here and there to keep in shape. I also like snuggling with a dude while we're watching TV. I love reality shows because they show me how much better *my* life is." Bolstering it is unbridled sex. "I'm straight, and I have the best orgasms when someone is eating out my pussy and fingering me at the same time," Anastasia coos. "I'm also down for missionary and doggy-style, but who isn't? Loving anal and DPs makes me kinda different." So does the novice model's wildest sexcapade, which outdoes what entails on any law-enforcement reality program. "I had gone out to a bar one night," Anastasia recalls, "and on my way home I got pulled over by a cop for a DUI. To get out of going to jail, I let him fuck me on the hood of his patrol car in front of his buddies. I wonder what will happen if he busts me for having sex in a public fountain. That's a fantasy of mine." —Photos by Friend

"I always come home with less clothing than I go out with. My panties are always missing!"

PRINCESS

"I really love my boobs, so showing them off in a magazine—along with all the rest—was just a matter of when," hoots this "daring and submissive" waitress from Waco, Texas. "I've always loved being naked. I don't like clothes." Could any lady be more likable than a 5-foot-9, 36DD exhibitionist who's downright gorgeous? "I'm happy all the time," Princess points out, and nothing makes the networking buff happier than "doing things that sound like fun"—primarily hanky-panky. "I love sex!" Princess howls. "I'll try anything once, twice, three times. So far, my biggest pleasure ever is anal sex. Everything about it is better than the usual way." The hottie will be turning 23 in February, and she has a scorching birthday wish: "I want to be tied up and fucked in the ass." —Photos by Friend

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To participate, you must be 18 years of age or older at the time the photographs, transparencies or digital images are taken, and you must fill out and send a signed original (or legible photocopy) of this entire Model Release/Submission Form and a legible COLOR PHOTOCOPY of a valid government-issued driver's license, passport or state ID card (with photo, date of birth and signature), and a legible COLOR PHOTO OF YOU HOLDING THIS COMPLETED MODEL RELEASE/SUBMISSION FORM AND GOVERNMENT-ISSUED IDENTIFICATION DOCUMENT. All submissions must include at least six sharply focused color prints, transparencies or digital images. All submissions become the unreturnable property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, which buys all rights in perpetuity to the photos you submit. Send photos, identification and this Form with all information and signatures requested to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary. **Open to residents of U.S. and Canada only.**

Please Print

Model's full legal name

Any aliases, nicknames, stage or professional names; maiden name if married

Name to be published | Date images were produced (month/date/year)

Date of birth | Model's Social Security number | Occupation

Telephone (include area code) | Personal e-mail address

Address

Real College Girls applicants: check box below.

City | State | Zip

Hobbies/personal interests/sexual fantasies (list on separate sheet of paper)

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BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

DORA MILLER

AGE: 46

LOCATION: Somewhere in Texas

SEE HER AT: DreamOfDora.com

This is a feature dedicated to the proposition that women do not achieve their full sexual power and beauty until they are well into their 30s and beyond.

A self-proclaimed "wild child" from a tiny town in Texas, Dora always had her eyes on bright lights and big cities. Consequently, she left school early to go gallivanting countrywide and abroad, first getting a taste of California, New York and Florida, followed by England, Holland and Spain. Coming full circle, Dora eventually settled back in the Lone Star State.

Now, with her kids grown and out of the house, Dora has lots of free time, much of which she spends modeling—*and* having plenty of steamy sex. "They say that a woman's sexual peak is at 30, but I feel that *this* is my peak," the 5-foot-4 looker proudly admits. "I started modeling at the age of 45, and so far it's been wonderful. I love being sexy and having fun on camera! Besides, if it turns my fans on, then I'm satisfied."

COUGARS UNLEASHED #36

Indeed, with Dora's catlike gray-blue eyes, impossibly crazy curves and temptingly tattooed nether regions, fans logging onto her Web site have enough sizzling material to get off for months! "Since I'm at a point now where I don't have to stress over a more conventional job," Dora elatedly confesses, "I can get into all *sorts* of trouble."

For those adventurous gents wanting to get into trouble *with* Dora, she's got a few prerequisites: "For me, sex and romance go hand-in-hand. But I also need someone with a good attitude, sexy eyes and a nice butt!"

Cracked up for the challenge, guys?

If you are interested in being featured in our *Cougars Unleashed* column please submit photos and a short bio via e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com.*

PHOTOS BY CRAIG ALKIN / DDGPHOTOS.COM

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

SCREEN NAME:
Krystal Star

AGE: 25

LOCATION: PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

URL: **Facebook.com/Krystal-Star-XXX/116038485167748**

Although hard to imagine from looking at her sexy pics, Krystal Star claims to have been a "good girl" in high school. "I got excellent grades and had great friends," she recalls. "I saved my virginity until after I graduated. Also, I was never interested in smoking, drinking or partying."

Krystal still maintains a relatively healthy lifestyle, but the onetime Goody Two-Shoes is definitely making up for lost time when it comes to her carnal desires. "Sex is now both part of my personal and professional lives," the 5-foot-4 networking buff reveals. "I spend most of my time shooting bondage, foot-fetish and adult films. I also dance for private events. I mean, having jobs where I can look pretty and get all dolled up for work is awesome."

For those interested in getting to spend quality time with Krystal, the cocksure New Englander does have a few prerequisites. "I like my men to have nice teeth—no exceptions," she insists. "However, I don't need a guy who's all brawn and no brains. I also like men with motivation and good work ethics."

Variety in the boudoir is another essential. "I have sexual ADHD (Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder)," she asserts. "So in order for me to get into different bedroom scenarios, I prefer them to be random, made up or weird. Hey, as long as I'm not going to be doing the same old boring thing, I'm always ready to jump into bed!"

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of Facebook? If you are 18 years of age or older, e-mail an introductory message and a photo to ***HUSTLER@LFP.com***.

PHOTOS BY BILL MOISUK

THE GIRLS OF FACEBOOK

BY MICHELLE RAMIREZ

HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

RELAX, IT'S JUST SEX

A BONDAGE AFICIONADO CHANCELLOR AND QUESTIONABLE STUDENT VISAS BESET THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA

Not many people are familiar with the University of Northern Virginia, but maintaining anonymity is exactly what its administrators prefer. The unaccredited for-profit school's main campus is hidden in the small city of Annandale, Virginia, and most of its 2,400 students are visa-issued residents of India.

"We don't want people to know us," UNVA owner David Ho told the *Chronicle of Higher Education*. But it's hard for a tiny learning institution to fly under the radar when its chancellor, David Lee, 64, very publicly posted several shocking photos exposing himself as a sadomasochistic sex-dungeon master.

The Smoking Gun discovered images of Lee and his girlfriend in an ad on **CollarMe.com**, which touts itself as the "largest BDSM community on the planet." One depicted Lee burning a naked woman wearing a bondage mask and strapped down to a bed. In another, Lee's girlfriend straddled a younger woman who was gagged and appeared to be bound by an extension cord.

The ad sought "attractive, submissive women who wish to be part of our poly family. Ideally you will consider yourself a slave or a sub with slave tendencies. We enjoy almost all kinks, and are expert in most of them. But for us it is more the submission and commitment that matter. We provide a safe, sane home with a good balance of love and discipline. We are very serious about finding a permanent addition to our poly family."

With that in mind, Chancellor Lee converted his basement into a state-of-the-art dungeon. It had polished wood floors and was stocked with an arsenal of bondage devices, including racks and a large metal spider web.

Lee was forced to step down shortly after the bondage photos surfaced. In his letter of resignation he stated, "Discussions of my personal life have become a distraction for students and friends of UNVA at a time when we need to focus on more significant issues."

It's unfortunate that the only reason the UNVA chancellor was shown the proverbial door was the kink hidden behind the door of his own home. By all accounts, what Lee did was perfectly legal. Sure, not everyone is a sex-dungeon master, but Lee's personal affinities should not have any bearing on his professional aptitude.

That's especially true since the obscure university had already been thrust into national headlines just days earlier. On July 28, 2011, UNVA's Annandale campus was raided by U.S. Immigration and Customs Enforcement (ICE) agents, who seized computer hardware, other equipment and paper documents. Prompting the raid was an investigation conducted by the *Chronicle of Higher Education*, which in March 2011 had suggested UNVA is a sham institution exploiting visa loopholes to funnel foreign nationals into the United States.

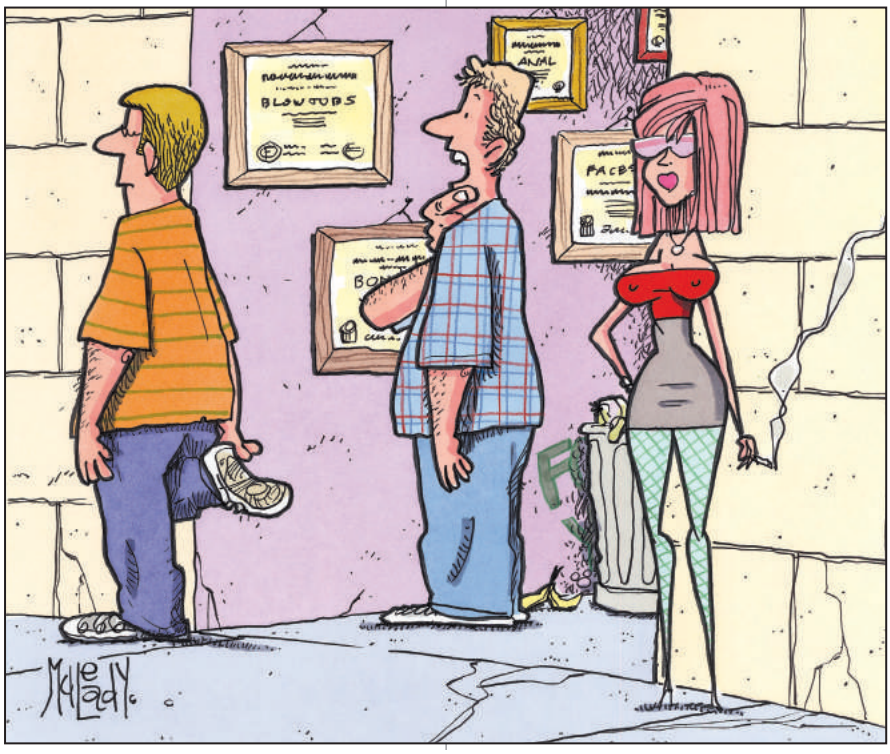
More than 2,000 visas were issued even though the university is allowed only 50. ICE can't force it to shut down, but the federal agency has suspended UNVA participation in ICE's Student and Exchange Visitor Program (SEVP), which authorizes a school to issue visas to international students.

Foreign students whose presence in America hinges on their educational status are not pleased. For example, Erina Rajbhandari said in an e-mail to the *Washington Post* that she attends class regularly, has done all her homework and has otherwise "followed all the rules that an international student is required to follow."

Rajbhandari added, "If UNVA will close, I would lose so much that I have worked for. My parents' hard-earned money will go to waste; the time and effort I have expended to get an A in all my classes will all go in vain. … I have not seen anything illegal going on in the school. It is true that the administration at UNVA is not perfect, but this does not mean they violated the law."

According to its Web site, UNVA launched in 1998 and now has facilities in three Virginia cities (Annandale, Manassas and Springfield) and Prague in the Czech Republic. The university offers bachelor's, master's and doctoral degrees and is "certified to operate as a university by the State Council of Higher Education in Virginia." Such certification isn't a big deal. According to council spokeswoman Kirsten Nelson, that merely means UNVA meets minimum financial and operational requirements.

The question is whether UNVA is legitimately educating students and issuing bona fide degrees or just serving as a way for immigrants to obtain visas. Meanwhile, the school's provost—K. Habib Khan—has replaced bondage buff David Lee as chancellor, and nearly 40% of UNVA's student body has transferred to another SEVP-approved university. The unfortunate victims of a possible bogus college, however, must start from scratch since their UNVA class credits are void. Other foreign students who are unable to maintain their active status under SEVP regulations will be deported.



"Blowjobs, anal, bukkake, bondage—damn, you can get a degree in anything off the Internet nowadays!"

Michelle Ramirez is a University of Virginia senior studying political philosophy, policy and law. In her free time she enjoys playing volleyball, going on spontaneous road trips and "showing off my moves like Mick Jagger."

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues, etc.—please contact us at ***Features@LFP.com***. If you get the green light, Larry Flynt will send you a check with his name on it. Besides the financial windfall, a HUSTLER story will look good on your résumé.

Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner some handy financial assistance! To apply, follow the instructions on the form on page 123 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

LYNSIE LEE

MT. HOOD COMMUNITY COLLEGE

To help offset the ever-rising cost of a college education, 24-year-old Lynsie Lee dances at Portland, Oregon's only vegan gentlemen's club. Actually, performing before an audience is nothing new to this 5-foot-9 philosophy major, who admits to being somewhat of a theater nerd in high school.

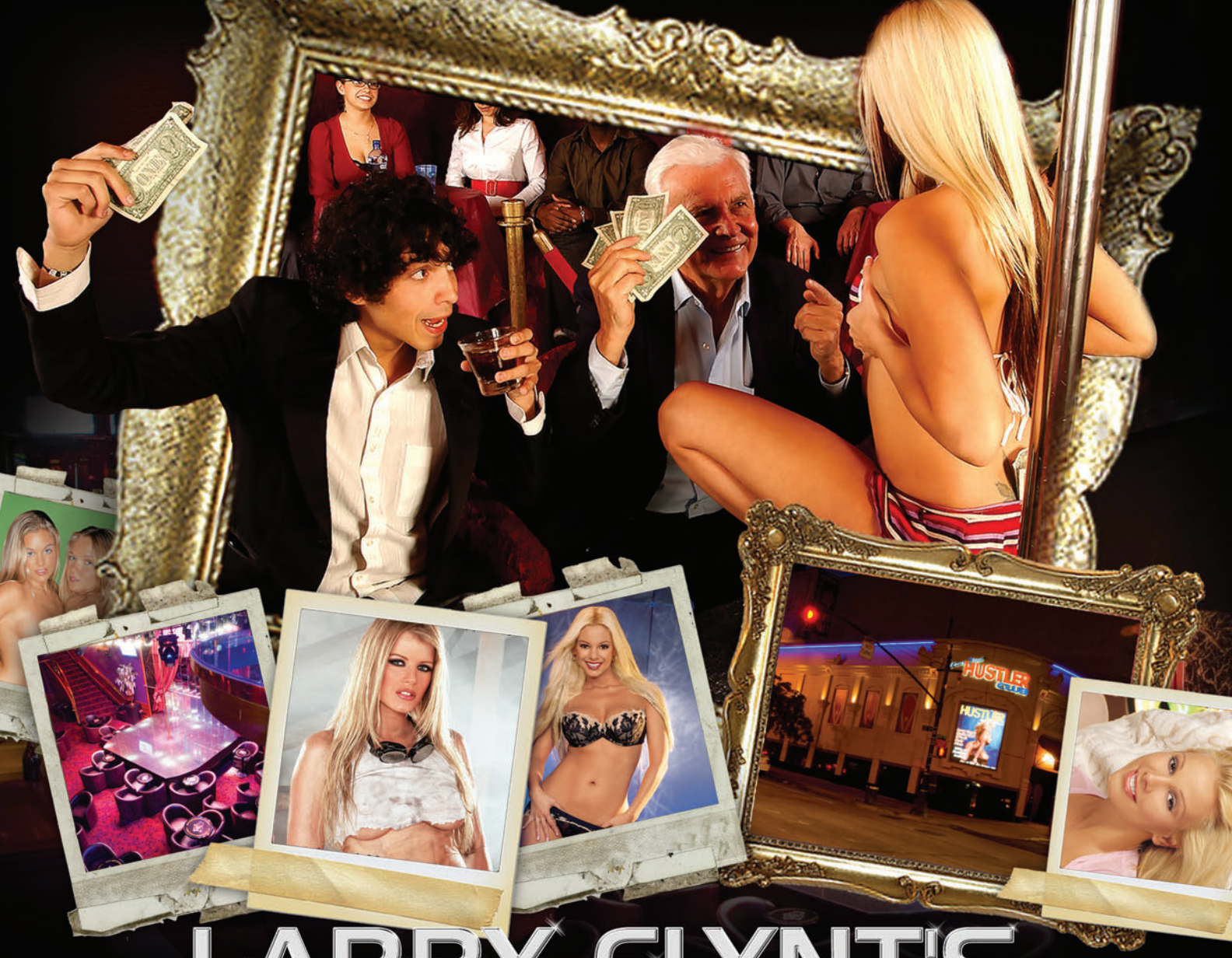
"I appeared in all of our musicals," says the talented and tattooed treat. "I was also the assistant director of our nonmusical productions. My friend and I even won the school talent show with a comedic duo scene that she wrote."

Amid her busy schedule of attending class, studying and stripping, Lynsie enjoys doing everything from hiking to home improvement. "Actually, I really want new power tools for my birthday," the tomboyish cutie laughs.

Lynsie also likes swimming, exercising and hanging with men as physically fit as she is. "But if a guy can make me genuinely laugh," she is quick to point out, "*he's* the one most likely to get into my pants. I also love intelligence in a man; someone who can have a deep, philosophical conversation with me. And maybe it's the performer in me, but I absolutely cannot stand shy guys."

In terms of gettin' down to the real nitty-gritty with Lynsie, piece, er, peace officers should especially take note. "It may sound clichéd," Lynsie shamelessly explains, "but to fuck a cop while he's on duty would be the sexiest thing imaginable. Getting pulled over and pounded in the back of a squad car would make all of my wildest dreams come true!"

PHOTOS BY INTERROBANGBROS.COM



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DAWN: ANGEL OF THE MORNING

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Dawn is a girl who is her most vibrant early in the day. “I’m a morning person,” she says. “Men who have difficulty getting up in the morning are not for me.” Her bedroom is decorated with colors that suggest the soft, mellow light of sunrise. Naturally, we photographed **Dawn**—a restaurant hostess—during those early golden hours. Candidly, she says her desire for sexual adventure peaks around mid-morning. “I see no reason to hide sex in the dark,” she says.

(continued from page 38)

White House Press Secretary Scott McClellan denied that Rove was Novak's anonymous source.

Following an FBI investigation and a grand jury hearing, Libby was convicted of obstruction of justice, making false statements and two counts of perjury. Neither Libby nor Rove was ever indicted for disclosing Plame's status as a covert CIA agent to Novak. Cheney later publicly excoriated Bush for not protecting Libby. And in 2008 McClellan toured the nation with his tell-all book *What Happened*, charging that Bush had authorized the unmasking of Plame's identity. McClellan told CNN that Cheney should be forced to testify under oath about the Plame leak.

In his book *Daybreak*, David Swanson writes that Special Counsel Patrick Fitzgerald, who prosecuted Libby, had direct evidence—including a handwritten note by Cheney—that both the President and Vice President were involved in the Plame scandal. According to Swanson, Bush's commutation of Libby's sentence "directly interfered with the Special Counsel's ongoing investigation of Plame's 'outing' and therefore constituted obstruction of justice."

In all, George W. Bush lied to America and the world about weapons of mass destruction he knew were nonexistent. He then feloniously outed a CIA agent, putting her life and the lives of other intelligence agents at risk, an impeachable crime. Next, he abused his Presidential power by covering it all up, another impeachable offense.

Does this constitute treason? If it doesn't, what does?

Despite knowing about Richard M. Nixon's 1968 act of treason, Lyndon B. Johnson chose to remain silent. Although the realities of 1980's October surprise have been widely published, Jimmy Carter has said nothing, and Bill Clinton took no action while he was President. Now Barack Obama has refused to prosecute George W. Bush and his henchmen Cheney and Rove for Plamegate and their treasonous crimes in Iraq.

Through it all the United States has been transformed from the world's most prosperous country to the most debt-ridden. From a nation built on hopeful democratic ideals to one dominated by large corporations that care about nothing but power and profit.

What it will take to reverse the damage remains to be seen—if indeed it's even possible. But a good start would be to charge those who committed the acts of treason that made this nightmare happen.

Ohio-based investigative reporters Bob Fitrakis and Harvey Wasserman, who write columns for **FreePress.org**, have coauthored a number of books on the George W. Bush era and election theft. For more, visit **Fitrakis.org** and **HarveyWasserman.com**.

"...And this motherfucker *never* eats my pussy!"

I DON'T GET IT, GRAMPA – IN OUR CONGRESS, WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A DEMOCRAT AND A REPUBLICAN ?
JUST THE SPELLING, KID.
GOVERNMENT
J.Billmeyer

ALEXIS AND CELESTE

The March '12 issue goes on sale December 27, 2011. Visit our Web site at HustlerMagazine.com.

COMING NEXT

PORN STARS & ROCK STARS: MUTUAL ATTRACTION

Jenna Jameson, Jesse Jane and Tera Patrick are just the tip of the iceberg when it comes to XXX actresses making amorous music with top-name rockers. In our salute to Valentine's Day, gonzo journalist Scott Fayner has compiled a resonant mix-and-match scorecard that also includes Jayme Langford, Stefani Morgan, Marilyn Manson, Tommy Lee, Dave Navarro, Slash and Kendra Jade, who's proud to muse, "What rock stars *haven't* I banged?"

NUDES-A-POPPIN' UNCOVERAGE

There's only one place to ogle a horde of chicks stripping in the great outdoors, and that's the annual Nudes-a-Poppin' pageant. With so much butt-naked eye candy on display, we sent shutterbug David Kemp to Roselawn, Indiana's Ponderosa Sun Club to capture all the festivities. Don't miss his titillating pics of an epic event.

VINCENT BUGLIOSI: AT WAR WITH BUSH & RELIGION

Former prosecutor Vincent Bugliosi's first book, *Helter-Skelter*, chronicled every aspect of the Manson Family's gruesome 1969 killing spree. More recently, outraged by the deaths of U.S. servicemen and civilians during the Iraq War, Bugliosi penned *The Prosecution of George W. Bush for Murder.* "I'm just pursuing what I perceive to be the truth," he declares in our exclusive double-edged interview. Besides outlining what it will take to put Bush on trial, Bugliosi sheds light on his latest book, *Divinity of Doubt: The God Question*, which he asserts "will shake the very foundations of Christianity."

KENDRA HOLLIDAY: CANNED FOR SEXUAL CANDOR

"To me, sex is as important as eating," Kendra Holliday proclaimed on her Web site, but the Missouri divorcée has paid a high price for expressing her views on sexuality. The brains behind **TheBeautifulKind.com** has lost her day job, several friendships and possibly the custody of her kid. Nevertheless, as Matt Hoge reports, Kendra is determined to encourage Americans to shake off their prudishness.

FETISH, FANTASY & FABULOUS FELINES

Hip clothing designers have teamed up with fetish photographers to transform a bevy of the world's most gorgeous women into fantasy characters. Kinky babes sporting tight and glossy fabrics—not to mention tattoos, piercings and lots of attitude—abound in our electrifying sneak peek at *Latex Fashion Photography* from Goliath Books.